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Volume CCXXXVIII No. 3095

The SPHERE, London, September 26, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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MR. AND MRS. KHRUSHCHEV IN WASHINGTON—WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, THE SOVIET PRIME MINISTER ASSISTS HIS WIFE FROM THEIR CAR AT BLAIR HOUSE, THE PRESIDENT'S GUEST HOUSE IN THE CAPITAL: They had driven together from Andrews Air Force Base, where the Russian visitors had been officially welcomed to America. The first two days of the tour were spent in Washington. The next stop was New York. There Mrs. Khrushchev carried out a number of engagements of her own.

The much-heralded Khrushchev visit to America started on a quiet note. In Washington and New York the Soviet Prime Minister and his wife attracted vast crowds wherever they went, but there was little enthusiasm or cheering and sometimes there were hostile banners waved by groups of refugees from Central Europe. The most important engagement in New York was Mr. Khrushchev's speech to the United Nations, which most of those present were reported to have found disappointing. Mrs. Khrushchev carrying out engagements of her own made a considerable impression.

The tour continued with a flight across the continent to the west coast. In Los Angeles Mr. Khrushchev displayed bad temper at a controversial speech made by the Mayor. In Hollywood he appeared in his element. From San Francisco the Russians turned eastwards and travelled by train to Des Moines, where they were scheduled to visit the corn belt. Then, transferring to their aircraft, they flew to Pittsburgh. This week-end Mr. Khrushchev is due to have private talks with President Eisenhower. (Further pictures of the tour of the U.S.A. are on pages 270-273 and 278-279).

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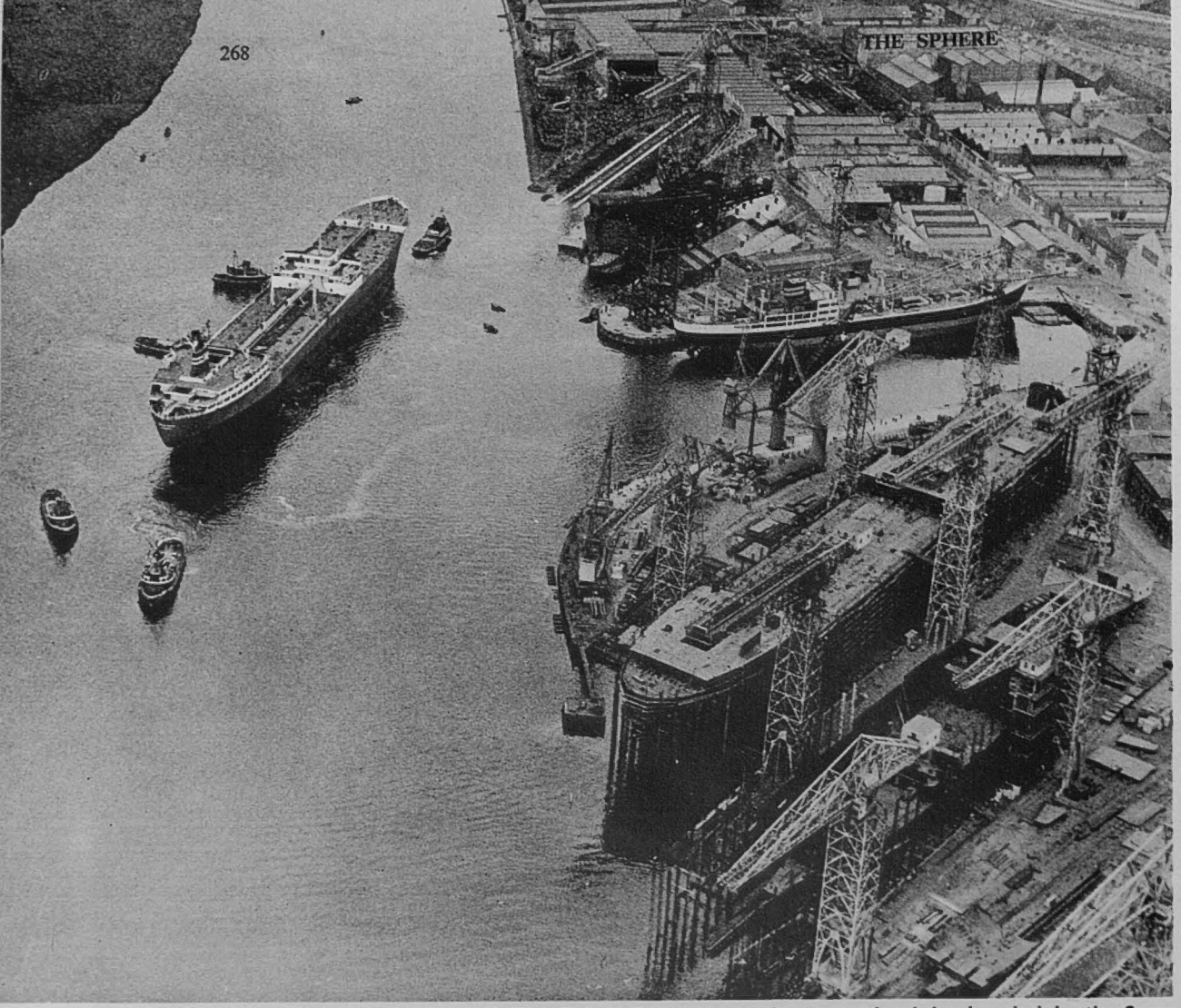


THE LAUNCH OF BRITAIN'S LARGEST TANKER: ***British Queen*** **lies in the water after being launched by the Queen Mother from the slipway in the centre background in John Brown's shipyard on Clydebank, Glasgow. Built for the British Petroleum Company, the vessel has a displacement of 50,000 tons (deadweight) and an overall length of 760 ft.** ***British Queen*** **is the largest oil tanker to be built to date in a United Kingdom shipyard.**

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

Juan in America—Mr. Khrushchev can be relied on to make a hit, and a very notable one, wherever he goes and whatever he does. Whether it be the moon or the headlines or some aspect of Western "imperialist" policy, he hits the target plumb in the centre with a reverberating blow. That those Americans who, like the ancient Athenians, love a "new thing" and revel in sensations would not be sparing of interest and courtesy, I felt sure. No one expected a Queen's scale expenditure of ticker-tape and frenzy. And, after all, who so genial as Mr. K. when he mixes with the crowds and the workers, even when he is planning another fearful hammer-blow. If the Devil himself were to pay a State visit to the U.S.A., he would only have to tell the reporters at the landing-point that he thought America wonderful to be assured of a welcome from that hospitable nation. Mr. K. is the most genial "devil" alive and came as a family man, and the issue was not long in doubt. We need not go into the question of whether we all set too high hopes on the political good that comes out of State visits between nations. They are nearly always worth while, if only as ephemeral instances of a return to a vanished convention of good manners and courtesy among civilised peoples. The Heads of State will confer between banquets, and it is safe to say the reporters in the U.S.A. will release to the waiting world at least as much hopeful information about progress made as they were able to do during the President's European tour. If, when the visit is over, you call it another Barmecide's feast, you must exercise more patience and admit that all the covers were not removed from the appetising *plats du jour* on the table. An atmosphere was built up. Juan knows a little more than he did of his great rival's way of life and thought, and, whether he liked it or not, all knowledge is good.

Election Hopes and Fears—As a former Liberal with Whig traditions, the local canvassers probably judge me an unsatisfactory election partisan, and when the local Tory organisers of victory find that I am not yet on the register for my new Hampshire constituency, they do not call again. So it is that I am left to "hope and fear" as the struggle proceeds, rather as an onlooker and outsider. And, truth to tell, I have not got very hot under the collar so far, except as a result of a thermometer frequently in the 80's. If I trembled at the applause with which the T.U.C. in Congress greeted the revered leader of the Labour Party, I took comfort from the chart of seat-distribution in the late Parliament. There I found whole counties, and not only in Southern England, solidly and often impregnably Tory. How can the Socialists hope to disturb such strongholds as Hants, West Sussex or, for that matter, great slabs of Lancashire? But, then, that vociferous applause for Gaitskell, that confident pledge by 12,000,000 dyed-in-the-wool Socialists to sweep to victory and save Britain and the Peace? How can all the wiles of Hailsham and Hill and the fine record of Macmillan and Company resist that Ironside charge? However, I remain cool. They say strong words and oaths break no bones, and perhaps butter no parsnips. Perhaps the wobblers are not moved by propaganda as much as the two chief parties think. As for the Liberals, they are, of course, very irritating interveners. But, as an old Liberal, I really cannot blame them if they struggle to keep flying a flag embossed with so many glorious victories. In my youth, Liberalism was the religion of half the nation.

The Leaden Casket—The choice is before us, and every voter must make his decision, as Portia's suitors had to do. The caskets (three) look glittering enough and all seem to contain "what every man desires." We mustn't choose on outward appearance only. Some of our would-be leaders are far from photogenic. Perhaps the most handsome men are found among the Liberal remnant. We mustn't choose by the measure of the most glittering promises. For all the splendid presents promised must be paid for by ourselves. They will all be put down to our accounts at the jewellers; for these generous donors have no money of their own. One at least of the caskets contains "the portrait of a blinking idiot." We must be careful to avoid that one and, having read *The Merchant of Venice*, we shall probably decide to plump for the least showy and most workaday casket. I don't dream of influencing your choice, but I think the golden casket may contain the blinking idiot's portrait. Because, if you must pay for your own present, the bill for gold will be bigger than for silver or lead. And the Labour offer of a free paradise for all simply cannot be married to a slashing of taxation; and if it could, it wouldn't be good for our souls. I am inclined to label the Conservative casket the leaden one and the right choice, but I doubt if it contains *all* that Everyman desires. Their promises over the next five years are all very well, but there are many small matters which I should like to see remedied about which they are totally silent.

Promise and Proof—I would like the Tories in social matters not only to promise but to give proof that they are at heart as democratic as they claim to be; and if we let them in for another five years, I should like some immediate assurance that they have moved forward from Disraeli's manner of thought. Even if deplored "two nations" in Britain, he kept two natio alive side by side. So, I should like a Cabinet less lust with peerages, perhaps seasoned with some Conservat working men. I should like a real and strenuous campai assured against tax-dodgers and expense-account ca talists, and a very strict rationing of hereditary titles the next ten half-yearly recommendations to the Soverei After all, in their pre-election propaganda in search votes, all parties treat you and me as if we were four form boys, and it is little things that concern fourth-fo boys. Time and luck and settled government *may* so some of our world problems, but if the Tories want united nation of brothers, let them pay attention trivialities and remove or promise to remove some those irritations which keep class-jealousy alive, and sh some proof that their ideas of democracy and equal are real.

O That Mine Enemy . . .—Among the p election skirmishes, it must be assumed that the Prin Rupert on the Tory side suffered a slight reverse in brush with the enemy in the Vacation Court. Mr. Just Winn dismissed Mr. Churchill's motion for an injuncti to restrain the Labour Party from publishing an exce from his *Rise and Fall of Sir Anthony Eden* in th pamphlet *The Tory Swindle*. The passage of less th 200 words spoke of the ineptitude of the Suez affa the fraudulence of the Anglo-French ultimatum, and Government's miscalculations as to American reactio Mr. Churchill is a many-sided man. A journalist note, a biographer, the son of a famous father and p sumably a Tory. No true biographer—it is said—sho sully the pure art of biography with political bias, thou some famous biographers and historians, like Froude a Macaulay, have successfully done so. But if Mr. Churc is his father's son and broadly on the Tory side, he can be said to have shown Tory favour in his book on Ed and in particular in the quotation complained of. must be judged to that extent and in Tory opinion a biographer of integrity and take his defeat with a gr of comfort. All biographers expect and usually end the "lifting" by other writers of very short passa from their books and are usually gratified if the sou is acknowledged. Very often it is not. There are ru of course, but usually no questions arise, if the passa are very short, as in this case, and quoted entire w acknowledgement. It so happens that Mr. Churchi book on Eden, largely devoted to Suez, was *not* a puff Tory administration.

LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AT SEA: With aircraft ready on her deck, H.M.S. *Victorious* exercises off the Isle of Wight. Before she sailed it was stated a small number of soldiers were included in her complement.

THE NEW ROOF IS COMPLETED FOR ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL: The stone vault roof was designed by Sir William Holford; it replaces a wooden roof, which, dating from 1699 and altered in the 1840's, was ruined by death-watch beetle. The first service for three years was held here last Sunday.

Tell-Talevision—The considered view of some of the B.B.C. programme organisers is that politicians are still under-estimating the intelligence of their viewers. It is difficult to dissent from this view. Politicians, too, that they still under-estimate the dangers to their images and their reputations from the use of this new medium. Seasoned actors are in no doubt that television is a very difficult medium and needs years of practice before a successful appearance can be assured. If the politicians underrate our intelligence, they may be wrong in thinking that we do not questions theirs. In daily life, politicians and politicians mix with men and women like you and me. We shoot with them, play golf with them, quarrel with them, cook and char for them and travel on public transport with them. No man is a hero to his valet or his fellow club-members, and the fact that he is M.P. is not enough to hide the fact that a special quality of intelligence, common sense and responsibility is the prerogative of Parliament. On the contrary, politicians and M.P.s can act as foolishly and look as ordinary as you and me, and when they talk, they can mix their words and produce clichés and contra-dictions and sheer goobledegook and balderdash, with the best of us ordinary men. Tell-talevision throws the searchlight on the "ordinariness" of these politicians.

Teen-Age Voters—The Labour Party's published manifesto is being reinforced by some bright last-minute ideas. But one of them, put up by Labour's Youth Commission, will not be included. The proposal that teen-agers of eighteen should qualify as voters is not however dropped. If Labour wins the election, it will be immediately examined, and rank among seeded legislative reforms with further nationalisation. I think that Mr. Gaitskell and his organising council were wise to exclude this bright idea. For it needs more consideration by all parties than it has yet received and it does not appear on its face an immediate vote winner. The twenty-one-year-olds perhaps set store by the fact that they have something which their younger brothers and sisters lack, "political sense and responsibility." On the other hand, boys who are old enough to fight and die for their country should have a say in issues of peace and war. Politics apart, there is a good deal of sense in not hurrying this expansion of the franchise on to the Statute Book. It may be wise to wait until the teen-age crime wave recedes from its peak. Of course, 90 per cent. of our teen-agers are steady, virtuous boys and girls, and the Teddy boy and approved schools vote might or might not prove a reforming influence on young offenders. If it proved so, it would be a good thing, but it would take many years to prove.

Noise Abatement—I am quite ready to agree with those scientists who claim that no scientific instrument can be made to "assess" sound and to acquit or convict it as objectionable and worthy of legal penalty. The same pitch may be pleasant or intolerable. Loudness, volume of sound, is not the sole criterion. The grinder who serenely ground out on his barrel-organ *pianissimo* the 100th psalm annoyed Canning, and "The Absent-Minded Beggar" or "Dolly Gray" quietly repeated in 1900 aged many a late Victorian. Noises from aircraft and motor-bicycles do indeed stand or fall by the volume of sound, and since convictions are as hard to obtain as in litter-fiend cases, because witnesses don't think it "cricket" to come forward, only education—that tortoise—can reduce the intolerable affliction. And even education (some enthusiasts say) must not go too far. "The noisy driving of a motor-bicycle is but an expression of youthful exuberance. We must be careful not to destroy that exuberance. Had we done so in the past, there would probably have been no R.F.C. and no Battle of Britain." Certainly the Battle of Britain produced a lot of noise, but I doubt whether enthusiasm for noise won the battle. The whole nation shared the noise. The "few" revealed a youthful exuberance far more deep-seated than enthusiasm for noise

LONDON THEATRE MAY DISAPPEAR: The Hippodrome in Golder's Green, in North London, has been bought by a commercial company which are reportedly planning to turn it into an office block. A petition to save the theatre is receiving much support.

"Let Me Have Men About Me . . ."—The Podola trial preliminaries seemed to draw considerable crowds from the comparative cool of the streets at 81 degs. to something much less bearable inside the Old Bailey. Sensation reeks not of discomfort. It is all part of the fun. The case is *sub judice*. It is permissible to suggest from the Press photographs of the chief participants on bench and at the bar that *de minimis non curat lex*. In other words Justice, like Caesar, loves to have men about her that are fat, and revels in an average of nine chins to three learned jurists. I think that the profession of the law, which entails very hard work, mostly sedentary, does induce "plumpness." Of leading counsel I should say a big majority tip the scale at 13 stone or more and own more than one chin. It is often suggested that men of acutest intellect have hatchet faces, like Sherlock Holmes'. But Brother Mycroft, I believe, was well down in the other scale, and I would again venture to say that there are more successful marriages of intellect and fatness than of intellect and thinness. I am myself emaciated and that may confirm my theory.

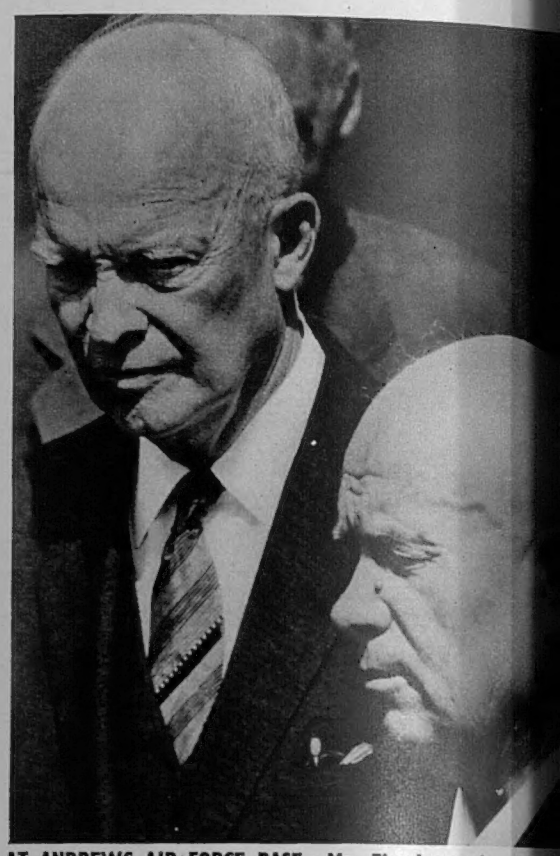
Robinson Crusoe—I was glad to read in *The Times* of Mr. P. Brodie's discovery that Robinson Crusoe landed on his desert island on September 30, 1659, and I back his claim that the event deserves a tri-centenary celebration. I shall keep it myself. It is true that children to-day attach more importance to a landing on the moon than to a fictional landing on Juan Fernandez, but the best and latest advices from scientists assure me that I shall not live to see the first lunar Crusoe *return* from the moon, bringing his sheaves with him. Therefore my own age group can continue to attach more importance to that landing on a desert island 300 years ago. For if we judge of great events by the measure of the public good they brought about, we are entitled to rank Crusoe's landing, by experience if not by faith, above the lunar adventure. Robinson Crusoe brought keen pleasure to uncountable millions of adults and children in his long life. The Lunik can hardly claim as yet to have done the same for hundreds. Mr. Brodie's claim should be irresistible that Crusoe and Friday have as much right to a niche in our national Valhalla as Holmes and his Watson. Let some of the smartest of the General Election organisers swiftly turn their energies to a fitting celebration on September 30. Many a candidate in the General Election will turn perforce to desert island literature.

THE OLD STAGER

Mr. Khrushchev in the United States

IN THE CAPITAL

ARRIVING AT THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB: In Washington, the Soviet Prime Minister and Mrs. Khrushchev are flanked by Mr. William Lawrence (left), President of the National Press Club, and by the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Menshikov. At the club Mr. Khrushchev said he would submit a fresh proposal on disarmament to the U.N. General Assembly.



AT ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE: Mr. Eisenhower is with Mr. Khrushchev shortly after the Soviet Prime Minister's arrival in the United States. He was an hour behind schedule.

The first part of Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States, his stay in Washington, was marked by a cool formality. Many people watched the Soviet Prime Minister, closely escorted, as he travelled through the streets of Washington, but there was little cheering. Within hours of his arrival in a TU114 jet airliner, Mr. Khrushchev was engaged in talks at the White House with Mr. Eisenhower. During these it was agreed that extended conversations would be held in an informal atmosphere at Camp David later.

An indefatigable sightseer, the Russian leader started the next day with a visit to the agricultural research centre at Beltsville. He was the guest at luncheon at the National Press Club in Washington during which he made an emphatic speech. During the questions which followed he appeared flustered. Asked to explain why he was going to Peking immediately after his visit to the United States, he twice corrected himself during his reply.

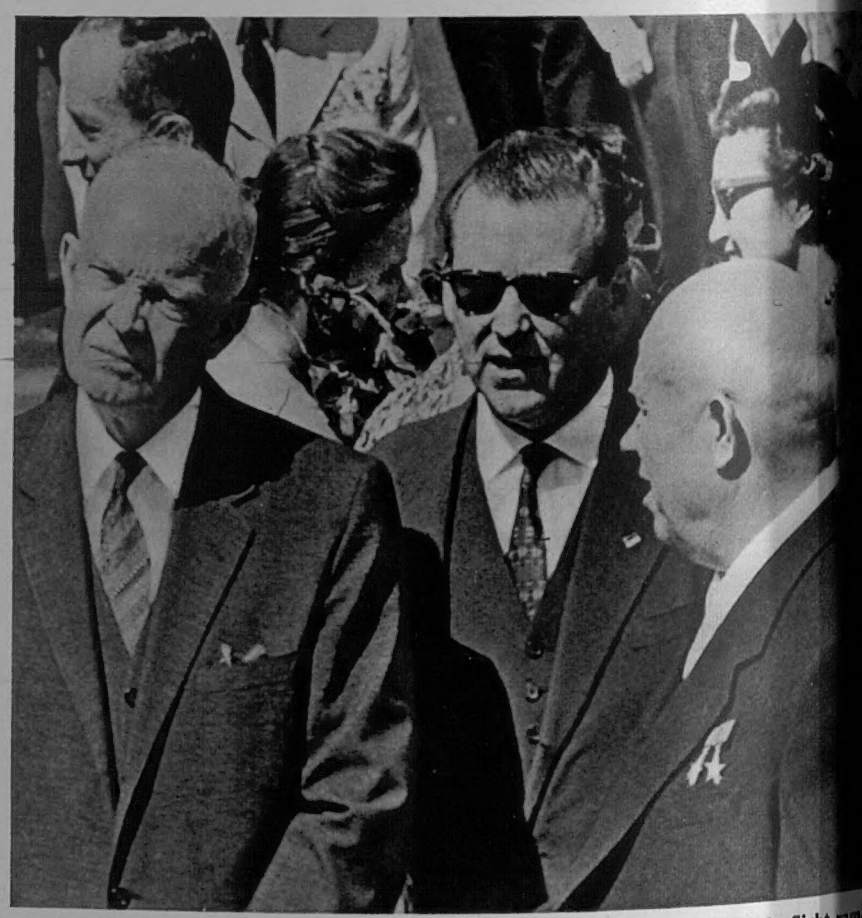
In the afternoon he had tea with members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In conversation with Senator Fulbright, Mr. Khrushchev frequently referred to an agreement made between him and Mr. Eisenhower that other countries would not be discussed during the visit to the United States.

Senator Fulbright commented on events in Korea, Tibet, and Laos, and was told by Mr. Khrushchev to refer his inquiries to Peking. Much of the conversation consisted of verbal sparring, in which Mr. Khrushchev demonstrated an ability to avoid awkward questions. Defending the decision not to talk about third parties, he said that he wished to discuss with Mr. Eisenhower disarmament and the liquidation of foreign military bases. He reiterated that he was willing to withdraw Soviet troops from Eastern Europe if America would withdraw its troops from Western Europe. Some days before, President Eisenhower said in a television broadcast that the conversations would not include any negotiations concern ing subjects that directly related to American allies any other part of the free world.

According to the Soviet Premier, the first rocket pr pared to hit the moon, a week before the successf launching, had proved on test to be faulty. It was tak away from the launching site and a fresh one brought There seems to be some likelihood that the close timi of the rocket's arrival on the moon and Mr. Khrushchev in Washington may have been the result of coincidence Mr. Nixon had said earlier that there had been thr unsuccessful Russian attempts at the moon.

During his sight-seeing in Washington, Mr. Khrushch was accompanied by his wife. At the experimental agr cultural research centre, she gave a short impromp Press conference. Her English, although halting, w clearly understandable. Also accompanying the Sov Premier were his daughters and his son.

SPEAKING WITH EMPHASIS: Mr. Khrushchev gesticulates as he addresses the audience during the luncheon at the National Press Club. After his speech he answered written questions. On two occasions he was reported to have seemed ruffled.



ON ARRIVAL IN AMERICA: Mr. Eisenhower listens as he stands with his guest on the flight ram at the Andrews Air Force Base. Between them is Mr. Wiley Buchanan, Chief of Protoco of the State Department. Mr. Khrushchev made a short speech on his arriva

AT THE SOVIET EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON: From left are Mr. Khrushchev, Mrs. Eisenhower, Mrs. Khrushchev, the U.S. President, Mrs. Barbara Eisenhower, and her husband, Major John Eisenhower, the President's son. It was Mr. Eisenhower's first visit to the Embassy since he became President. Mr. Khrushchev's stay in Washington was marked by a cool reception from the crowds which lined the streets. He was taken in a helicopter to view new housing developments in the Maryland and Virginia suburbs.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE: President Eisenhower examines a model of the sphere landed on the moon by the successful Russian rocket. It was presented to him by Mr. Khrushchev. Next to the American President is Mr. Nixon, the U.S. Vice-President, and next to Mr. Khrushchev are Mr. Gromyko, the Russian Foreign Minister, and Mr. Menshikov, the Russian Ambassador in Washington. Discussions, which lasted 1¾ hours, then started at the White House only a short time after Mr. Khrushchev had arrived in the U.S.

Mr. Khrushchev in the United States

HISTORIC DAYS IN NEW YORK AND HOLLYWOOD

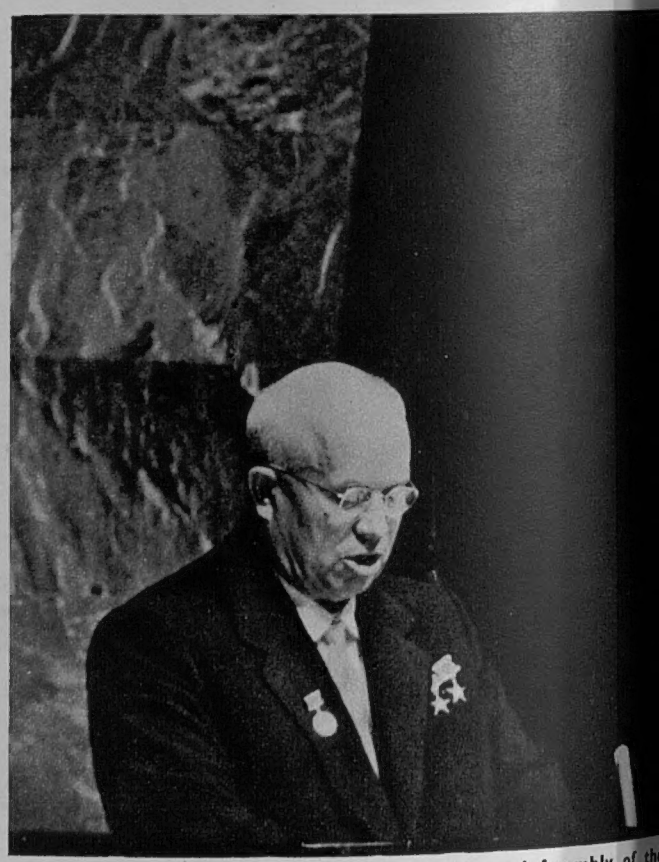
THE END OF THE FIRST STAGE OF THE TOUR: Mr. Khrushchev waves goodbye at Union Station in Washington as he boards his train for New York. Behind is Mrs. Wiley Buchanan, wife of the U.S. Chief of Protocol. The Russian Premier spent two days in New York.

EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK: The Soviet Premier, wearing his decorations, and Mr. Menshik the Soviet Ambassador, are in cheerful mood on the train. They were chatting w Mr. Lodge, U.S. Representative to U.N., and Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minist

As his tour of the United States proceeded, Mr. Khrushchev revealed himself as a m of many moods and many parts. In New York he was gay at the luncheon giv by Mayor Wagner and threw away his prepared speech to speak extemporaneously. Na day at the United Nations he was at his gravest, propounding his plan for world pea in four years. In Los Angeles he lost his temper when Mayor Poulson brought up t matter of the Soviet Premier's much-publicised remark about "burying" capitalis The distinguished guest made dark threats of breaking off his tour and going hom There were further angry scenes with trade union leaders in San Francisco.

Likewise, Mr. Khrushchev suited himself to his company of the moment. Amo agriculturists he was an old farm-hand; in factories a former factory worker himse For the benefit of big business he was ready to lay down his own definiti of capitalism and he even had quotations from the Bible for those he fe might appreciate them. In Hollywood he appeared as the downtrodd boy from the poorest origins who had made good. Apart from h speech to the United Nations, which made little impression on tho expecting practical disarmament proposals, the serious business of t tour has been kept until the end. Before he leaves America, the Sovi Premier will have had two days of private talks with President Eisenhowe

CAVALCADE ON PARK AVENUE: A massive police escort accompanies the Soviet guests along the famous street in New York. Mr. Khrushchev is in the third car from the front. In the left background is the Grand Central Building. The most stringent security precautions were everywhere taken for Mr. Khrushchev.



A PLAN FOR WORLD PEACE: Addressing the General Assembly of th United Nations in New York, the Soviet Prime Minister outlines hi proposals for total global disarmament within a period of four years

OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF NEW YORK: Mr. V. M. Sukhodrev interprets a passage of Mr. Khrushchev's speech which causes amusement at the luncheon given by Mr. Wagner, the Mayor of New York, seated next to the rostrum, at the Hotel Commodore. Extreme left at the top table is Mr. Cabot Lodge, U.S. Representative to U.N. Meanwhile, Mrs. Khrushchev was at a luncheon given for her by Mrs. Wagner. In the evening of the same day the Soviet Premier addressed the New York Economic Club and answered questions put by U.S. businessmen.

On right—

PREPARATIONS FOR SIGHT-SEEING: Sergei Khrushchev (centre), the son of the Soviet leader, leaves a hotel in New York to make a trip by helicopter over the city. He flew from a heliport on the Hudson River and spent nearly an hour in the air. Sergei Khrushchev is an electronics engineer.

R AMONG THE STARS: Mrs. Khrushchev sits with Bob Hope (left) and Frank Sinatra at the luncheon given in honour of her husband by Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood. The tables were crowded with leading film personalities. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Khrushchev watched the making of scenes for the film *Can-Can*.

DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW: Rada, Mr. Khrushchev's third daughter, and her husband, Alexei Adzhubei, the editor of *Izvestia*, walk in New York. On the left is a security agent.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. MACMILLAN AT HIS ADOPTION MEETING: The Prime Minister is applauded as he arrives at Bromley Public Library where the Bromley Conservative and Unionist Association adopted him as their candidate. The issues at stake in the election on October 8, according to the Conservative Party manifesto, "The Next Five Years," are twofold: first does the electorate want to go ahead on the lines which have brought prosperity at home ?; and secondly, do the voters want the present leaders to continue to represent them abroad ?

On right—

MR. GAITSKELL AT TRANSPORT HOUSE: The Labour leader makes a gesture as he addresses journalists at the Party's headquarters when he launched the Socialists' election manifesto. On his left is Mr. Bevan. The Labour manifesto for the most part follows policy statements since 1955. Mr. Gaitskell indicated that he was content to fight the election on, at home: pensions, employment, the health service, cost of living, education, and housing; and regarding foreign policy, on: the Summit and colonial Africa.

FLY-PAST OVER A NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT RALLY: Sixteen Hawker Hunter jet aircraft, taking part in the commemoration of the Battle of Britain, fly over the dense crowds in Trafalgar Square attending the rally marking the end of Nuclear Disarmament Week. The fly-past over Horse Guards Parade, where the Prime Minister took the salute, was led by a Hurricane and a Spitfire. For the last time these two famous Battle of Britain fighter aircraft participated in this annual commemoration. At the rally in Trafalgar Square, Lord Russell, president of the campaign for nuclear disarmament, addressed a crowd of about 12,000 people.

On left—

THE LAST TIME: On a sports ground at Ravensbourne, in Kent, lies the Spitfire which led the Battle of Britain fly-past. It was returning to the R.A.F. station at Martlesham, near Ipswich, when it developed engine trouble and was forced to crash-land. The pilot, Air Vice-Marshal H. J. Maguire, was unhurt except for a slightly strained back.

THE WORST COLLIERY DISASTER IN SCOTLAND FOR SEVENTY YEARS: Anxious crowds wait at the pithead of Auchengeich Colliery, near Chryston, in Lanarkshire. In the disaster forty-seven miners were killed almost instantaneously at the start of their shift when they were enveloped in a bank of carbon monoxide gas after an outbreak of fire at the coal-face. Water was pumped into the colliery roadway at the rate of 200 gallons per minute. Rescue teams 100 strong toiled 1,000 ft. below ground in attempts to reach the miners, trapped some 300 yards from the pit bottom. Several of the fires continued to burn for some days. The death roll was the heaviest in Scotland since sixty-three miners were killed in an underground fire at Mauricewood Colliery in 1889.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE PROMENADE CONCERTS: At the Royal Albert Hall last Saturday evening Sir Malcolm Sargent receives the cheers and applause of the high-spirited audience. Streamers and balloons lie on the platform. Sir Malcolm Sargent shared the conducting of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in a varied programme of popular works to end the season. Traditionally, the programme was completed with the audience participating in the singing of "Rule, Britannia," "Jerusalem," and the National Anthem. It was expected that box-office receipts for the whole season would be higher than ever before.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

NIGERIAN ANXIETY OVER FRENCH ATOMIC BOMB TESTS: With Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, at the Colonial Office in London are, from left—Chief Festus Okotie-Eboh, Minister of Finance in the Government of the Federation of Nigeria; Alhaji Muhammodu Ribadu, Minister of Mines; Alhaji Abubukar Balewa, the Federal Prime Minister; Chief Samuel Akintola, Minister of Communications; Alhaji Abdulmaliki, the Federation's High Commissioner in London; and Sir Hilton Poynton, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Colonial Office. The Nigerian Ministers flew to London last week to express their anxiety about the possible effect on Nigeria of fall-out from the atom bomb which the French plan to explode in the Sahara. They explained their view to Mr. Macmillan as well as to Mr. Lennox-Boyd. The Nigerians fear that although the explosion should take place several hundred miles from their borders, the prevailing wind will carry radioactive particles to some parts of their country.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN INDIA AGAINST CHINA: Police at the Chinese Embassy in Delhi face a large crowd demonstrating with banners against Chinese territorial demands on the Indian frontiers and Chinese action in Tibet. There have been demonstrations against Chinese diplomatic offices in other towns in India. A recent Indian White Paper shows that the Chinese have strongly protested about these incidents. The Indian reply has been that India, unlike China, recognises the right to express "differing opinions."

THE FIRST NUCLEAR-POWERED SURFACE SHIP: Crowds on the banks of the River Neva, in Leningrad, watch the Soviet ice-breaker *Lenin* before she sets out on her maiden voyage to the Baltic. Launched at Leningrad in December 1957, the vessel is the largest ice-breaker in the world; she has a displacement of 16,000 tons. *Lenin* has three reactors, developing 44,000 h.p. She can steam for at least a year without refuelling, and is designed to cut a 100-ft. fairway through ice of any thickness. She will operate mainly off the Siberian coast.

A NEW BRIDGE IN CHINA: The steel and concrete structure spans the Yangtze River at Wuhan. The bridge is about a mile long and has been built with aid from the Soviet Union. Up-to-date techniques were used in its construction. Reports state that two more bridges of this kind are soon to be built across the Yangtze.

DISASTER IN ITALY—THE COLLAPSE OF A BLOCK OF FLATS: Rescue workers search for survivors in the ruins of the five-storey building at Barletta, near Bari, on the Adriatic coast. The building collapsed in the early morning of Wednesday last week. It was believed that most of the 106 tenants were indoors at the time. The day after the disaster, forty-five bodies had been discovered and some survivors were in hospital. It was feared that about twenty or twenty-five bodies had still to be recovered and that there was little hope of finding anyone still alive. Six hundred firemen, soldiers and civilians were engaged in the rescue work, which went on all day and night.

SEARCHING FOR SURVIVORS: Soldiers and firemen work among the debris of the collapsed flats at Barletta. The original structure was a one-storey building but last year it was decided to add four upper storeys. These were completed only six months ago. According to reports, cracks appeared in a wall a few days before the collapse. The engineer responsible for the building's design was informed and it was decided to fill in the cracks with liquid cement. The tenants were not told of any danger. Later the engineer was reported to have been taken into police custody.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A FAREWELL CALL ON THE RETIRING PRESIDENT OF WEST GERMANY: Dr. Adenauer (left) chats with President Heuss in the Presidential Palace in Bonn. The Federal German Chancellor was paying a call on Dr. Heuss on the day before he retired from the Presidency of the Federal Republic.

THE NEW WEST GERMAN PRESIDENT IS SWORN-IN: Dr. Lübke takes the oath of office during his installation as President in Bonn. On right is Dr. Gerstenmaier, the President of the Bundestag. Heinrich Lübke, aged sixty-five, was previously Minister of Agriculture.

On Tuesday of last week Dr. Lübke, the new President, was formally installed in office at a joint session of the Bundestag and the Bundesrat and Dr. Heuss assumed the title of *Altbundespräsident*. All speakers at the parliamentary ceremony paid tribute to Dr. Heuss, who was the first President of West Germany, having been elected in 1949 and re-elected in 1954. President Lübke thanked his predecessor for the example he had set and the traditions he had established. He also spoke of the need for maintaining the freedom of West Berlin and the necessity for the reunification of Germany.

On right—

FRANCE'S NEW OFFER TO ALGERIA: President de Gaulle makes a most important radio and television broadcast from Paris. In his long-awaited declaration he said that "recourse to self-determination by the Algerians should here and now be proclaimed." Three choices were offered: Secession from France; complete identification with France; or Government of Algerians by Algerians in association with France. The President said this choice would be made "not later than four years after Algeria had been pacified."

FRANCE DECIDES: M. Debré (right), the Premier, and M. Soustelle, the Minister of Information, are seen in Paris, after the Cabinet meeting at which President de Gaulle outlined his Algerian policy.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN SAN MARINO: The two Regents, Signor Belluzi (centre) and Signor Biordi, acknowledge the cheers of their supporters after the result of the election had been announced. *On right*—The main square of San Marino is packed with people listening to the announcement of the figures of the poll. Two years ago the then ruling Communist-left-wing Socialist regime was ousted in a *coup d'état* and a coalition of Christian Democrats and Democratic Socialists took over the Government. In the election last week the voters of San Marino returned the anti-Communist coalition for the next four years with an absolute majority. The all male electorate numbers 7,590. Over half the voters live outside the country. Those elsewhere in Europe had to ballot in person in San Marino. Those in America voted by post.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE EGYPTIAN MINISTER OF TRADE AND ECONOMY IN LONDON: Dr. Kaissouny is watched by interested spectators as he walks along Whitehall during his stay in London. He had broken his journey to New York for the United Nations General Assembly to have talks with Mr. Heathcoat Amory. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Dr. Kaissouny discussed a number of questions, including the U.A.R.'s request to the World Bank for a loan for the Suez Canal.

THE GRIVAS-MAKARIOS CONTROVERSY: General Grivas, the former Eoka leader, raises his arms to acknowledge greetings in Salonika. He went there last week from Athens to visit the International Fair. Soon after his arrival he carried his dispute with Archbishop Makarios a stage further by renewing his offer to meet him for talks. In Nicosia, in Cyprus, the Archbishop refused to make any immediate comment but said he might later "make a declaration." On the previous day he had issued a statement purporting to show evidence of a plot to form an "anti-Makarios movement" in Cyprus which General Grivas had instigated.

PROTEST IN PERSIA AGAINST RUSSIAN PROPAGANDA: Dr. Isa Sedigh, a Persian Senator, addresses a large crowd outside a mosque in Teheran. The meeting was held to protest over the propaganda against Persia put out by Moscow Radio.

AFFAIRS OF STATE IN JORDAN: King Hussein in his Palace in Amman hears a report from the Jordanian Prime Minister, Mr. Hazza Majali, on his return to the capital of Jordan from a visit to Morocco. Because of her differences with Egypt, Jordan seeks to maintain good relations with other Arab states in North Africa. Other news from Amman last week included a report that the trial of the former Chief of Staff of the Jordanian army, Major-General Sadek Shareh, and seventeen other army officers, on charges of plotting against the regime had been adjourned for a few days.

FOOD RIOTS IN INDIA: A burnt-out ambulance lies near the Medical College in Calcutta. *On left*—Police swing long sticks to disperse rioters in another part of the city. Early this month Communists exploited the food shortage in Calcutta to instigate widespread violence. Mobs ran riot through the streets, looting shops and setting fire to them. Bombs were thrown at police who, at times, had to use firearms. Street battles continued for four days. It was reported that at least fifteen people had been killed before units of the Army were called in to assist the authorities in restoring order. Shortage of food and Communist anger over the suspension of the Communist Government in Kerala added to the difficulties of the Indian Government at a time when relations with China regarding Tibet and the northern Indian frontiers were growing extremely critical. Last week, however, Mr. Nehru felt able to leave the country and visit Afghanistan and Persia.

World Affairs

LUNAR ROCKET AND PROPAGANDA VISIT

By JOHN CONNELL

IT is unlikely that in the immediate future the generic heading under which I write these articles will lose its meaning or have to be changed, but we would all be foolish not to admit that world affairs have taken on a new perspective since the Sunday before last. Spectacular, dramatic and brilliantly timed, as was the Soviet Union's planting of a space rocket on the surface of the moon, it is not, I hope, mere sophistication and cynicism, to be aware as much of its political and strategic implications as of its magnitude as a scientific and engineering achievement.

Deepest of all, however, is an emotional, poetic sense of disturbance and awe. It happened that, throughout the day in which the Russian rocket was hustling with fearful accuracy through space, I was in the company of a family to whom I am linked by the closest possible ties of affection and friendship. They live on the edge of the New Forest; it was, you may remember, the Sunday on which this long, hot, dry summer of 1959 seemed suddenly to find a dying fall.

The elder of my two godsons, an undergraduate about to begin his second year, had just come back from a journey to Trebizond, Pergamos, Smyrna and Byzantium; he had been unable to get to Mount Ararat, in spite of undertakings given him by the Turkish Embassy in London, because it is in a military zone, and was deeply aggrieved at this unaccountable curtailment of his trip. We watched dinghies racing in Lymington River; we looked at a cottage which the family have just bought; in the cool, grey hour before dusk my godsons and I swam in a pool, deeply hidden in the forest, which they have known since their earliest childhood. After dark their father set up his telescope on the terrace and we watched the moon rise, but could see no trace of the rocket.

It was late when I set out for London, and for quite comprehensible reasons my mind was filled with thoughts of Wells's *The First Men in the Moon* and, on a different plane, Shaw's *Heartbreak House*. The frontiers of terrestrial experience, as men have accepted them in all the long centuries of our planet's development and exploitation, were that night being broken. The great trees that still line the long, straight stretches of Roman road northward from Winchester had begun their autumnal anthem, and in the night wind their falling leaves swirled and danced down before my headlights. The moon on her course gave no sign that her ancient solitude had just been invaded; but I knew a profound, insistent dread, and I found myself muttering "Timor mortis conturbat me."

To judge by the newspapers next day, and for days thereafter, mine is not a popular reaction. For the Russian ruling classes themselves, at once fortified and bound in by the tenets of their Marxist-Leninist faith, the lunar rocket is the supreme justification of their belief in man's capacity to master his environment. Is it any wonder that, from Mr. Khrushchev downwards, they are in a mood of exuberant, irrepressible self-confidence?

The Soviet Union has travelled a hard and stony road to this peak of achievement, but it has made the journey at astonishing speed. All the preposterous little myths about Russian backwardness with which, on this side of the Iron Curtain, we used to console ourselves, seem pretty hollow now. The Russians, it seems to me, would be less than human if they were not very cockahoop. Sir Fitzroy Maclean, by far the most percipient of recent visitors to the Soviet Union, has drawn attention to the similarities, in outlook, mental climate and temper, between Victorian Britain and mid-twentieth-century Russia. The Russians, in flat contradiction of all their egalitarian theories, have evolved a new, deeply stratified class structure, just as our ancestors did in Victorian Britain, defying the Christian morality which they professed and to which, outwardly and with no apparent insincerity, they sought to conform.

BOUQUETS AND THE RED CARPET FOR MR. KHRUSHCHEV: The Russian Premier gives a warm hug to Galina Smyrnovsky, ten-year-old daughter of a Soviet Embassy official, on his arrival in Washington. Another Russian girl waits with more flowers. In his article John Connell discusses the Russian moon-rocket success and Soviet-American relations.

The Russians' optimism is materialist in character, based on the knowledge of their immense scientific and technological achievements. By the middle of the nineteenth century the effects of the Industrial Revolution not only supplied the main themes in every aspect of our national life, but gave us that European—indeed worldwide—hegemony which we exercised until 1914.

That hegemony, whatever sentiments of irritation and envy it ultimately aroused in the breasts of others, kept the peace for almost a century over a large part of the world's surface. War on a scale such as we have known since 1914 was quite literally unthinkable to a man like my grandfather, who was born into a prosperous middle-class home in Edinburgh in 1846. This, I suspect, is the kind of mood towards which the dominant elements in society in the Soviet Union are now rapidly moving. It is robust, benevolent, smug and self-assured.

By a series of historical accidents, all of considerable significance, there was throughout much of the nineteenth century no nation capable of rivalling Britain. Only at the end did the United States and Germany achieve, in Professor Rostow's illuminating phrase, the economic "take-off" which is a precondition of national expansion. Certain tensions in her national character, as much as her geographical situation, doomed Germany to the terrible course which she took. The United States, having endured a most savage and bitter civil war fought on a moral as well as a constitutional issue, developed within a generation from a loosely-linked, economically backward aggregation of European outposts on the Atlantic seaboard of North America into a vast, wealthy and purposefully benevolent world Power.

That benevolence has been the mainstay of Western civilisation in the past twenty years. We should all have been wrecked without it—the Soviet Union included—and the Nazis and the Japanese would have divided the rulership of the ruins between them, and the surviving helot populations would have been distributed in accordance with their masters' neurotic desires. When we grumble or are fearful about the present it is salutary to remind ourselves of the historical alternatives which did not happen.

We have all been insistently aware ever since the end of World War II of the contrast between the American way of life and the Communist way of life, and of the possibilities of conflict inherent in that contrast; we have most of us tended to overlook the close approximation in aims and aspirations (and their fulfilment) in the two societies. This was something which de Tocqueville, in a moment of extraordinary historical insight, perceived long ago. Over the past century Russia's economic development has been (to quote Professor Rostow again) "remarkably similar to that of the United States, with a lag of about thirty-five years in the level of industrial output, and of about fifty-five years in industrial output per head." The patterns of the two societies are, in many respects, curiously alike.

This is not to argue that the Soviet Union has suddenly overnight become a satisfied, unaggressive and benevolent world Power, because a cosmic missile now lies embedded in the moon's surface, and Mr. Khrushchev has been given a courteous, if not markedly enthusiastic, reception in the United States. Nor is it to concede that a world shareout of influence, authority and responsibility between the United States and the Soviet Union is clearly likeable or probable.

The precision and accuracy of the launching and direction of the rocket—a *Times* leader-writer likened these processes to hitting a shilling with a rifle bullet at 200 yards—are not merely remarkable feats of marksmanship in space. They hold out their own manifest warning, which can easily be converted into a threat. Yet the very efficiency of Russian missiles, whether directed at the moon or at some nearer, earthly target, contains its own prohibition. Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues are not afflicted by a death wish, and they know perfectly well that to *use* a missile of this character as a weapon of war is to precipitate world suicide. They want Communism—their brand of Communism—to triumph in a living world; and if they cannot be there themselves to behold it, they cherish the hope that this will be their sons' or their grandsons' experience. They have a considerable vested interest in human survival; and if this means that they have to get along with the Americans and the rest of us, on some kind of accepted terms, they are prepared to try to work out those terms.

Mr. Khrushchev is probably convinced that he is negotiating from strength. For the time being he can afford to wear his gloves and talk in blandly peaceful accents, to assure everyone that the Soviet Union lays no claim to territorial sovereignty over the moon, and to proclaim, on his arrival in America accompanied by most of his family, "We have come here with an open heart and good intentions." The danger of a conviction such as that which I have attributed to Mr. Khrushchev is not entirely allayed by these protestations.

As the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Richard Nixon, has observed with wisdom and trenchancy: "Mr. Khrushchev does not need to be convinced that the Government and the people of the United States want peace. The danger is that he may believe we want peace so much that we will pay any price to get it, including surrender at the conference table."

This is the error of judgment which Mr. Khrushchev must not be allowed to commit; and it is one to which dictators are particularly prone. But while his visit to the United States, like the launching of the lunar rocket which so neatly preceded it, has an obvious propaganda purpose, it must be realised that he cannot—as did Stalin and Hitler—insulate his mind against the impact of external experience, nor is there much evidence, to be fair, that he wants to insulate it.

His major allies, the Chinese, are much more likely to possess and to act upon this mental and moral isolationism. Their revolution is in a much earlier, much more intransigent phase than the Soviet Union's is now. They are arrogant, belligerent and surly; and they believe that they, rather than Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues, are the inheritors of Marxism-Leninism in its purest and least adulterated form. They have given Mr. Nehru some rude shocks lately. It may be Mr. Khrushchev's turn next, when he goes to Pekin after his American visit. To the Chinese the Russians' cosmic rocket, whatever its effect on Western opinion, may appear both dangerously deviationist and an affront to themselves.

FIRST SPEECH ON THE SOIL OF THE UNITED STATES: On his arrival at Andrews Air Force Base, near Washington, Mr. Khrushchev replies to President Eisenhower's address of welcome. To the left are two interpreters with, behind them, from left: Mr. Wiley Buchanan (wearing dark glasses), Chief of Protocol in the State Department; Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister; Mr. Cabot Lodge, U.S. representative at the United Nations; Mr. Menshikov, Soviet Ambassador in Washington; and Mr. Herter, U.S. Secretary of State. The Soviet Prime Minister declared: "We have come to you with an open heart and good intentions. The Soviet people want to live in friendship with the American people." He went on to refer to the success of Lunik II, which had hit the moon two days previously and said he had no doubt that American engineers would be successful in sending their rockets to the moon. "The Soviet pennant," he added, "as an old inhabitant of the moon, will welcome your pennant and they will live there together in peace and friendship." Large crowds lined the 15-mile route along which Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev drove from Andrews Base to the White House, where almost at once they had their first private talk.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN WASHINGTON

The Soviet Premier Starts His Tour of America

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS GUESTS: Mr. Eisenhower stands with Mr. and Mrs. Khrushchev outside Blair House, the President's guest house. The thousands of spectators who watched them arrive were courteous, but not enthusiastic. In the course of his visit which was due to end to-day (September 26) Mr. Khrushchev was to visit many parts of the U.S.

WIFE OF THE SOVIET PRIME MINISTER: Mrs. Nadezhda (Nina) Khrushchev holds a bouquet. She is fifty-three and married her husband twenty-one years ago.

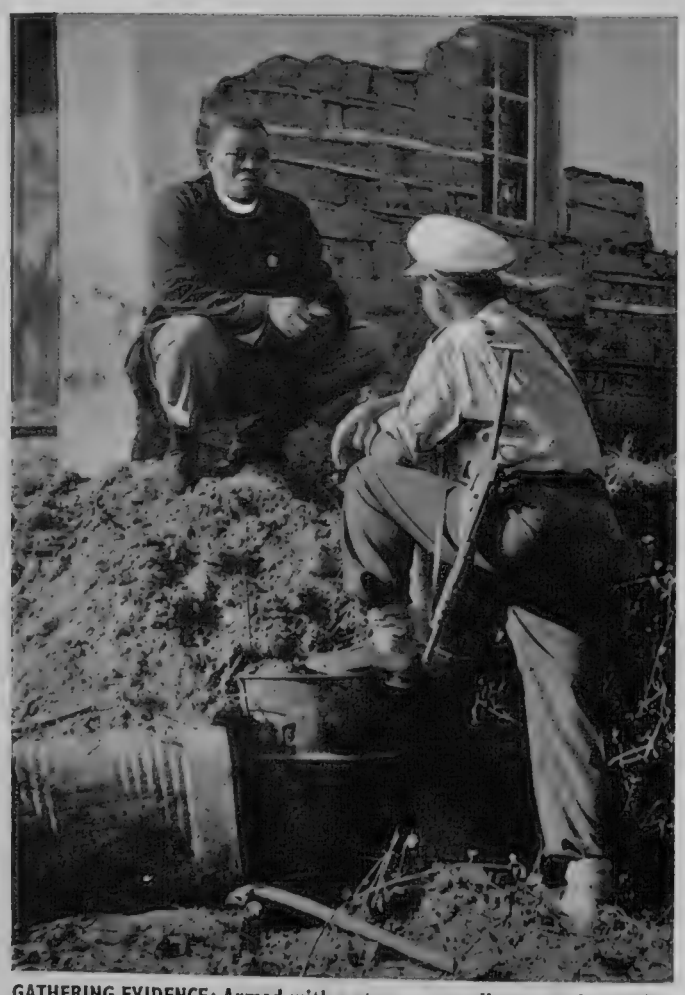
SEARCH FOR ILLICIT LIQUOR: Police set out on a raid in Cato Manor, near Durban. In the background are some of tin shacks in this vast sprawling slum which is an African township. During the past weeks there has been frequ police action against the making of illicit liquor here. The raids have been a cause of numerous serious

TROUBLE SPOT IN NATAL

A Police Raid in Cato Manor, an African Township Which has been the Scene of Many

SMASHING A STILL: A pickaxe is used on one of the utensils employed in making the liquor, which is not only illegal but also dangerously intoxicating to those drinking it.

POURING AWAY THE BREW: A large container of fiery liquor is emptied on to the ground. Resentment against the raids by the police is especially strong among the native women.

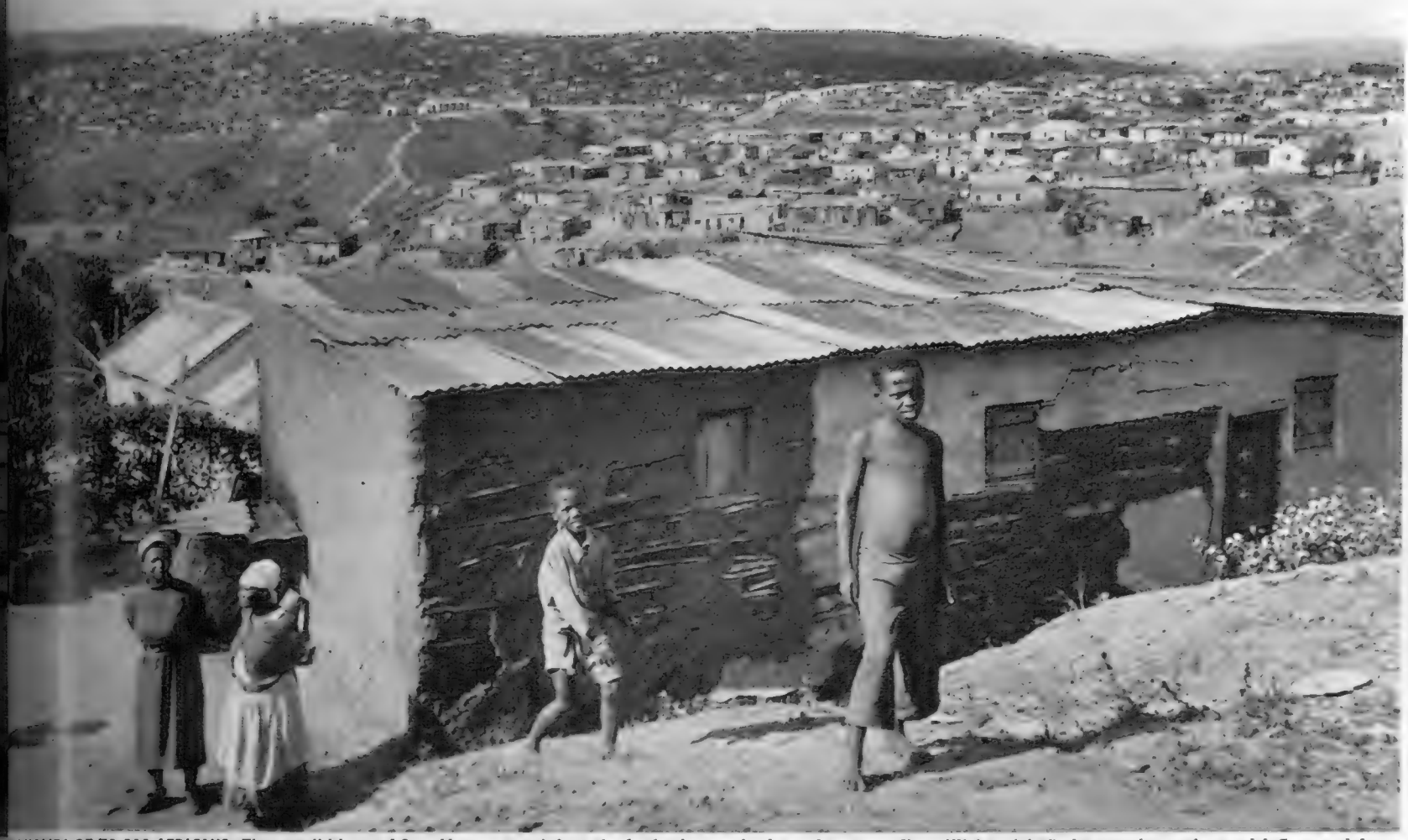


GATHERING EVIDENCE: Armed with a sten gun a policeman asks a priest if he knows anything about the burying of several barrels of the brew in the vicinity of his church, which is seen in the background.

Cato Manor is a name which has bec unhappily familiar to newsp readers during the past weeks. There been frequent reports of serious cla there between police and Africans. A often been the case elsewhere in N women appear to have been the instigators of the trouble. Among 70,000 inhabitants of the slum town of Manor brewers of an illicit spirituous li do a flourishing trade. The only li permitted to Africans is beer, sol municipally-controlled beer halls and to men only. In a large-scale riot a nu of these halls were attacked by women wrecked. Women have also predomin in the clashes with the police who ai every day have been unearthing destroying the illegal stills.

Other causes of unrest in the n township outside Durban and in parts of Natal are reported to be oppos to the move of Africans to new munities from which, it is claimed habitants have to travel much furthe work; resentment over taxation and di of various agrarian regulations. are crowded with prisoners convicted charges of public disturbance and viol and since the majority of them are wo there is a growing feeling of anger an the natives about the welfare of chil deprived of their mothers.

The white authorities aim at spee up the slum clearance and increasing w for African workers in the hope that may ease the tension. On the native the African National Congress has appe to women to stop violent action. It not called a halt to protests but ad non-violent demonstrations. Underl this sombre scene is the ever-present ra conflict in South Africa and it is becom increasingly clear that this must be reso before a peaceful atmosphere returns the country.



H HOMES OF 70,000 AFRICANS: The squalid huts of Cato Manor stretch into the far background. In such surroundings illicit spirit finds a ready market and inflames violence. her causes of constant riots here and elsewhere in Natal are opposition to agricultural regulations, especially cattle dipping, discontent over taxation and enforced moves of the rican population to new communities. In a clash last week at Cato Manor between police and natives, nine policemen and two women were injured. Eighteen Africans were arrested.

R STORE OF LIQUOR IS UNEARTHED: The bowls are brought t from beneath a hut and will soon be smashed. The irit is called Shimyani. Laboratory tests are reported have established that it has a very high alcohol content.

THE DURBAN LAW COURTS: A woman shakes her fist a crowd of people awaiting trial. Women have attacked African beer halls, which are open to men only.

WOMEN PREDOMINATE AMONG THOSE FACING CHARGES OF VIOLENCE: In this group at Durban Law Courts there are few men. Recently the African National Congress has called on the women of Natal to desist from violence and, instead, organise disciplined non-violent protests. The white authorities hope to reduce tension by speeding up slum clearance.

QUEEN JULIANA OPENS THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT: In the Hall of the Knights, in The Hague, the Queen, with Prince Bernhard at her side, reads the speech from the Throne. On the right is Princess Irene. They had driven to the Hall in a golden State coach. In her speech the Queen, outlining the Government's policy for the year, referred to Dutch efforts to prevent an economic rift in Europe. She also recalled that the independence and security of the Netherlands were based on the North Atlantic Alliance.

IN HOLLAND AND THE U.S.A.

Queen Juliana Opens Parliament ; Princess Beatrix Visits America

ON THE BALCONY OF THE PALACE: The Queen, her husband and her daughter wave to the crowd after returning from the ceremony in the Hall of the Knights.

On right—

A DUTCH ROYAL VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES: Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands stands with President and Mrs. Eisenhower in Washington when she visited the White House for luncheon. The Princess had arrived in the United States on board the new Holland-America liner *Rotterdam* which was making her maiden voyage from Europe to New York. On arrival in New York Princess Beatrix was met by City officials and subsequently drove up Broadway to receive a "ticker-tape" welcome. In America Princess Beatrix has been representing her mother at the celebrations to commemorate the landing of Henry Hudson.

AN EVENING OCCASION IN NEW YORK: Princess Beatrix, the twenty-one-year-old heir-presumptive to the Dutch throne, goes aboard the *Rotterdam* to attend a dinner party given in her honour. About 600 guests were present.

TYPES IN CHELSEA

The Varied Character of a London Borough

Chelsea has a marked character of its own. But at first sight it is not easy to define it. A foreigner coming to London has probably heard of Chelsea as the artistic quarter, a kind of English Montmartre or Greenwich Village, a district dedicated to the service of the creative arts and hallowed with their history.

He may be surprised to find this opinion is not shared by the great majority of the British public. The name of the borough is bandied about in hundreds of thousands of homes all over the country each week, but the connotation has nothing to do with art. Chelsea to the average Englishman means Association football and the pools. A Londoner on Saturday when he says he is " going to Chelsea " is, in fact, not going there at all. Stamford Bridge, the famous football club's ground, is over the border in the territory of their neighbours and First Division rivals, Fulham.

Our foreigner may seek the way to Tite Street to walk with the shade of Oscar Wilde. He will most likely be asked if he is looking for the Victoria Hospital, known colloquially throughout the metropolis as " Tite Street," which is the situation of one of the most famous children's clinics in the world. Perhaps the visitor walks through the side roads of Chelsea at about nine o'clock in the morning. He receives a shock, for there are no Bohemians in view. Instead, along the pavements hurry very correctly-dressed gentlemen in bowler hats, striped trousers and black coats, members of the professions or of Lloyd's or the Stock Exchange or high executives in some City business.

The Bohemians do come out later, but the fact is they represent only one of the many Chelsea types. The key to the borough's character is diversity of scene and of people. There are formally fixed boundaries for the purposes of civic administration. In other ways the borders are not clear-cut. The respectability of South Kensington flows over the Fulham Road southwards. Conversely, numerous artistic types live to the north of that thoroughfare and count themselves as Chelsea-ites. In the east there is little difference between the two sides of Sloane Street, both might be in solid and dignified Belgravia. In the west, without a map, it is almost impossible to know where Chelsea ends and residential Fulham, which has also its very distinct character, begins.

The best way to understand the nature of Chelsea is to begin by studying its main thoroughfare, the King's Road. It is very long, starting at Sloane Square and ending as the New King's Road almost at the further boundary of Fulham, near Putney Bridge. The explorer who decides to take a bus to a strategic point on the road may be in for another shock. The conductor may inform him that he can go to "The World's End" for fourpence. First reaction is that this is a bargain price and that the custodian of the public transport vehicle must in reality be a dramatist writing in his off-duty periods one of those very modern dramas which deal with Eternity and Space outside Time. Since the other voyagers in the bus will be unperturbed and show no signs of being " Outward Bound," our traveller will soon have his expectations disappointed. " The World's End " is a pub and a very notable feature of the borough.

For exploration purposes it is as far as one need go along the Chelsea section of the King's Road. Turning about and facing east, one finds behind the tavern an area which is a model of up-to-date workers' flats. Tall, airy, light buildings which obviously have every modern amenity. The residents are inheritors of the Welfare State, heirs of the great social revolution of 1945. Old inhabitants of hereabouts can remember the days when the World's End area was notorious. Along the squalid alleys which crowded behind the pub, policemen never dared patrol in less than pairs.

Turning south-east towards the river one finds drabness. The reason for this is Lot's Road Power Station, an important supplier of electricity, the lines of the building of which are severely functional. The dwellings around it suffer from a perpetual invasion of dirt and smell. Yet within a few hundred yards there comes a complete contrast.

If the Thames as it flows beneath Battersea Bridge and Albert Bridge is " liquid history," then the houses of Cheyne Walk can claim to be bricks-and-mortar history. Many of them have plaques commemorating former tenants or owners. D. G. Rossetti kept a menagerie in a garden towards Oakley Street; George Eliot and Swinburne, before his imprisonment for life by Watts in The Pines at Putney, wrote here; Turner, Whistler, and Wilson Steer painted.

We have already diverged from King's Road—everybody does in Chelsea but soon returns to it. On the section of the road which runs parallel to the west end of Cheyne Walk, one would assume one was in a residential, rather dull district. There are some early examples of workers' flats as well as modern blocks, and going in and out of the shops are members, one would aver with some certainty, of that overwhelming majority to be found in any British community, the Television-viewing public.

Then comes an " S " bend, at the south end of Park Walk. Never an easy crossing, especially for those pushing perambulators, even though it is well " zebra-ed." As one comes to the end of the " S " one enters the Chelsea sought by the foreign tourist, the beginning of the artists' quarter. There is another strangely-named pub—The Man in the Moon—so perhaps one really did come to "World's End" a little further back. Then towards the Town Hall one passes some strangely beautiful trees growing from the pavement. Ellen Terry lived opposite.

Yes, this is indeed the Chelsea which one came to see. Men and women in the most casual form of dress walk along carrying canvases or frames or tubes of paint. This is Bohemia. But wait a minute. Turn to the left shortly before reaching the old Chelsea Palace of Varieties—now a television theatre—and look in at the Public Library in Manresa Road. Like most of the public libraries in London it is extremely well-equipped. Being where it is, the collection of books on art is excellent. But in the reading room there are students poring over works on mechanics, engineering, geology, psychology, and many other sciences. They probably come from the nearby Polytechnic. Only a few of them are Chelsea inhabitants.

So to the chief stretch of Chelsea's thoroughfare—the King's Road from the Town Hall to Sloane Square. Or perhaps one should say from the Six Bells and

(*Continued on following pages*)

A STUDY IN CULTURE AND CUISINE: In their bed-sitter in Chelsea, Barry Dawson works on a picture while his wife Iris attends to the cooking. Both are artists but they earn their living in other jobs. Mr. Dawson is a van driver and Mrs. Dawson a window-dresser. Chelsea is traditionally regarded as London's artists' quarter, although by no means all its inhabitants are engaged in the arts.

ON THE EDGE OF THE BOROUGH OF CHELSEA: The flower-seller stands in Sloane Square. In the background is Sloane Street, which marks the boundary of Chelsea and the Belgravia and Knightsbridge areas of Westminster.

"THE WORLD'S END": The curiously-named public house in the King's Road is near the boundary of the west of Chelsea. The area behind it was once notorious for its squalor. It now contains some fine flats for workers.

GAIETY OF COLOUR: The many colourful prem and South Kensingt

TYPES IN CHELSEA

(*Continued from previous page*)

Bowling Green. Here are the neat housewife from one of the attractively painted residences in the side streets, the rents of which are out of the reach of most artists; the teen-ager in a casual but none the less striking costume of her own design; the established painter or writer or sculptor, who probably takes pains to make himself look like a commercial tycoon; a number of bearded characters who might be anything, from insurance agents to Augustus John; shabby, disappointed men and women who have failed in their efforts to create a masterpiece in their particular media (but they 'll go on trying), and youngsters who are convinced that in a hundred years' time their names will be on plaques adorning the exterior walls of the houses in which they now eke out an existence in a bed-sitter.

Both the old and the young in the last classes may be wondering whether they can obtain the necessities of life on credit from one of the shops. The shopkeepers are often sympathetic. It has been suggested by those who really know their Chelsea that the owners of shops should be appointed art critics to the more important newspapers. They have their disappointments, but they have also a remarkable ability for spotting talent. And recognising that it is worth subsidising.

Yet on a weekday one is not necessarily seeing the real Chelsea. Those buying in the shops on the King's Road or patronising its innumerable coffee-bars may have come from outside—from South Kensington or the Belgravia side of Sloane Square. Fulham-ites stick to their own district or shop in the provincial market-town atmosphere of Putney's delightful High Street. It is probably true to say that one only sees Chelsea-ites by themselves in their environs on a Sunday. Once again one comes in for a shock. Can it be that a man wearing sandals, blue corduroys, an open-neck shirt and a very loudly-coloured scarf, who is walking hand-in-hand with two children in Smith Street, is the same gentleman we saw proceeding so formally dressed a couple of days ago to his office in the morning? The answer is: yes. When Chelsea relaxes, all its citizens tend to become Bohemians. Even in the Lot's Road area. And that perhaps is the unifying factor in the character of the borough. It is unpretentious and unhypocritical. It has no "Sunday-Best."

Nobody knows for certain how Chelsea got its name. There are said to be thirty different spellings of it in early chronicles. Possibly it was Chesil-sey, or shelf of sand by the water. However the name originated, it was spelt in its modern form "Chelsea" by Dean Swift in the early years of the eighteenth century.

The author of *Gulliver's Travels* wrote to Stella in 1711: "I design if possible to go to lodge in Chelsea for the air." He did indeed lodge there. Since he was a man who pre-eminently believed in cultivating the individual character, there can be little doubt that he would highly approve of the Chelsea borough which has to-day grown out of the Chelsea village he knew.

IN A SIDE STREET: The houses are brightly painted. In these residential streets the occupants are for the most part professional or business people.

ARTIST AFLOAT: Derek Jukes paints in his house-boat above Battersea Bridge. Sitting behind him is his wife, a dental assistant. A colony of house-boats is anchored off the Cheyne Walk embankment.

CAFE LIFE IS A PREDOMINANT FEATURE: Indoor plants are part of the decorations of a coffee-bar in the King's Road. The borough's chief thoroughfare is dotted with cafés with a modernistic decor like this one. In them one can meet the wide variety of Chelsea.

SILHOUETTE OF METALWORK: through the window the var design. There are numero

its gay decorations and barrow of flowers outside is an example of the seen in Chelsea. It is on a corner of two streets between the King's Road is not a large borough for London, having about 50,000 inhabitants.

SUNDAY SCENE ON THE EMBANKMENT: For many years on fine week-ends customers have had the habit of bringing their drinks outside the King's Head and Eight Bells, on Cheyne Walk and Cheyne Row. Chelsea's other famous " bells " pub is the Six Bells, in King's Road.

ARTERY AND BOUNDARY: *Left*—Lord Valentine Thynne and Miss Penny Allsop stop at an antique shop in the King's Road, the long thoroughfare from which Chelsea spreads out on both sides. *Right*—A teenager walks in Fulham Road, the boundary of Chelsea with Kensington.

INFORMALITY OF DRESS: Because of its reputation as an artists' quarter, Chelsea-ites tend to dress informally.

NOT-SO-ARTISTIC QUARTER: Children in a drab street near the Lot's Road power station.

from inside an antique shop displayed present an unusual shops in the Chelsea streets.

A SCULPTOR WITH AN ESTABLISHED REPUTATION: Mr. Uli Nimptsch, A.R.A., works on a design for a fountain in his studio. His sculptures are in museums and galleries in London and several other cities.

POTTERY AND PAINTING: On the roof of the Chelsea Pottery is an unusual painted hand-cart. These carts are decorated by a firm in the same building as the Pottery and are popular with children.

GREYHOUND RACING

The Development of the Sport in England; Millions of Knowledgeable Enthusiasts; Taking Care of the Spectators' Comfort

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IN *The Times* of September 11, 1876, there appeared an article entitled "Coursing by Proxy," describing the first "artificial hare" races ever to be held. These were at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, then a favourite sporting venue. The artificial hare was propelled by a windlass which was operated by hand, and *The Times* reporter noted that "the rail over which the sham hare runs is hid in the grass, and the windlass by which the apparatus is moved does not catch the eye of the spectator . . . all that was seen was the artificial hare bounding out quite naturally like the real animal from its bag, and followed at once by the hounds, like so many kittens after a cork." That reporter was obviously very impressed by what he saw, for he added: "The new sport is undoubtedly an exciting and interesting one."

Actually, it flopped and flopped very quickly for one very simple reason: the track was straight and the fastest dog won. There was simply no scope for worthwhile betting because the form was altogether too consistent, and, without worthwhile betting, the sport had not a hope. The promoters soon realised that the straight track was to blame—they do not seem to have thought of handicapping—and the following year a patent was taken out for a circular track. But for some reason (perhaps the sport was already too dead, and too recently dead, to warrant hope of resuscitation) it was never developed.

Greyhound racing came into being because an American farmer, one O. P. Smith, in 1919 or 1920 (there seems to be no agreement about the actual year), was summoned and fined for coursing a hare in an enclosed paddock from which it had no means of escape. (This is also illegal in England.) Mr. Smith, who was very keen on greyhounds, was most unwilling to give up his sport. Somebody reminded him of the artificial hare at the Welsh Harp, and he searched the records and found the old patent for a circular track. He acquired this and built a circular track at Oklahoma City. Within a couple of years or so the new sport had spread throughout the United States, and O. P. Smith had become a very wealthy man. Not all amateur law-breakers are so fortunate!

In 1924 Mr. Charles Munn, an American, brought greyhound racing back to the land of its birth. In partnership with Brigadier Critchley he formed a track-owning company (which is now known as the Greyhound Racing Association) and built the first track in England at Belle Vue, Manchester. This was in 1926. The first London track was established at Harringay, soon followed by another at the White City.

Greyhound racing in England got off to a slow start, and the promoters must have had many anxious moments to begin with. Why this should have been so, no one can say. I remember that I went to one of the early meetings at Harringay (I think that it was actually the third) and I remember that I was very unimpressed. I was, at that time, a devotee of coursing, and I remember that, on that first occasion, I thought that the hounds compared unfavourably with good coursing hounds, and that the whole set-up could not compare with, say, a Barbican or Waterloo Cup meeting. I was prejudiced, but nothing like this could have affected the majority, for coursing in this country has never had a big following. I suppose the fact is that it just did not grip the public imagination to start with.

But, once the public got used to the idea, enthusiasm spread like wildfire. Track-owning companies sprang up all over the place, and it soon became evident that a controlling body was needed. The National Coursing Club was approached, but refused to co-operate, pointing out that its purpose was to safeguard the interests of coursing.

There was, at the beginning, great opposition in the coursing world to the whole idea of greyhound racing, for it was widely believed that track-racing would mean an insistence upon speed above all else, and that there would be a consequent deterioration in the type of greyhound. Nothing of the sort happened, for speed alone is not sufficient to ensure success upon the track, and there is to-day very little, if any, difference between the track greyhound and the coursing greyhound—indeed, Endless Gossip, a Greyhound Derby winner, reached the last eight of the Waterloo Cup and at least two Waterloo Cup winners have been bred from a Classic winner on the track. I think that the original prejudice in coursing circles is now quite dead.

So the National Greyhound Racing Club was formed in 1928. This is the Jockey Club of the sport, imposing an iron discipline. The organisation of the sport is in the hands of the National Greyhound Racing Society, the association of the sixty-five tracks which are licensed by the Club.

That, briefly, is the background. What of the present? Well, it goes without saying that greyhound racing is now firmly established, more firmly established than ever before. True, attendances are not as big as they were in the immediate post-war years. There was then a tremendous boom and that has levelled off. What is left is, so to speak, a hard core of enthusiasts. It numbers (this is excluding the casual, every-now-and-again, spectators) more than 20,000,000 people a year: men and women who "go to the dogs" regularly.

They form the most experienced, the most knowledgeable, crowd that I have met at any sporting event (and I include games in that term) in this country. There are still crowds that I have not met—though I hope to fill in most of the gaps in the next year or so—and it may be that there is a sport which attracts a more universally knowledgeable following, but at the moment I am prepared to doubt it. I have not attended meetings at all the sixty-five licensed tracks—it is possible to go greyhound racing every night of the week, except Sunday—but I have been to meetings at five London tracks, and at Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff and Manchester, and at each the crowd has been the same: tough (I do not mean rough: they are quite remarkably well-behaved), experienced, knowledgeable. I find it impossible to believe that those who attend meetings regularly elsewhere are different.

It is not a dressy crowd. In the cheap stands, at any rate, the uniform is a cloth-cap for the men and a head-scarf for the women. I cannot speak of the grandstands—at some of them you can get an excellent dinner with good wines, I am told—because I have not a grandstand mentality and have never been in one. But it costs only ten shillings to get into most of them—twelve shillings and sixpence at the White City, which is regarded as the "posh" track—and that is cheap enough in all conscience. So I expect that the grandstand crowd, if more dressy, is just as knowledgeable. I suppose that you could call it a drab crowd, but that would not be fair. It is not a crowd in its best clothes. The hour has something to do with that and the lighting helps to reduce everything to uniformity. See them in the bars and the snackbars (both do a roaring trade) and you cannot but come to the conclusion that they compare favourably with a football crowd in the matter of dress and, on the whole, look better nourished. Greyhound racing seems to attract stout men and "well-built" women. Perhaps they make it pay.

I think that the really serious student of form probably does make it pay over the year. The "race-card" at a greyhound track (I wonder why you cannot get the same sort of thing at a Turf meeting?) is a most helpful document, intimidating at first sight, but well worth serious study. It gives all the statistics about every runner in every race: weight, breeding, going, trap positions, times of previous races (.06 second for a length), and so on. If you remember that greyhounds race regularly at the same tracks and that each has its individual characteristics—a "railer" will always stick to the rails, for instance—you will realise that it really is possible to form a fairly reliable estimate of a dog's chances.

In view of this, it is strange that so many people should still be firmly convinced either that they can beat the book by betting on trap numbers or that the whole thing is "fixed." I would not like even to guess at the number of times I have been told by those who have never been to greyhound racing that the whole thing is crooked, that the only people who make anything out of it are the bookmakers and the "dips" (pickpockets). There are a number of unlicensed tracks ("flapping" tracks) where I have been assured anything can happen and sometimes does, but greyhound racing under the rules of the National Greyhound Racing Club is undoubtedly one of the cleanest, perhaps the cleanest, sports in the country.

While it is true that without betting greyhound racing would die a speedy death, it would be far from true to say that people only go to bet. It is, first of all, a really democratic sport: anybody can own a racing greyhound, and puppies can still be bought quite cheaply, for as little as £10. One Derby winner, Priceless Border, cost only £100 (and it must be remembered that the stud fees of a Derby winner will run into four figures a year, at least for a while), while the TV Trophy winner of last year, Crown Prince, was given away as a puppy. Thereafter kennel and training expenses amount only to something like £2 a week. There are a number of other reasons for the popularity of the sport: because some people love greyhounds; because it is wonderfully organised and presented; because it is very exciting; because it makes a jolly good night out.

The fact is that it would not have been possible to achieve and hold this very considerable hard-core but for firm, wise, and astonishingly forward-looking management. It is the latter that is particularly evident. It is not, perhaps, realised as widely as it should be that the photo-finish camera was first operated in this country at a greyhound track: that was at New Cross. You have only to go to a meeting (at any one of the sixty-five licensed tracks)—and I very much hope that you will, if you are not already one of the hard core—to realise that, alone among the administrative bodies of major sport in this country, the greyhound racing authorities understand that it is the watching public that is the life-blood of the sport, and take pains to care for it. For example, at one of the Manchester tracks, the cheap stands, the three-bob stands, have been glass-fronted, heated, and provided with fans for ventilation. There has been no increase in the price of admission. This is a Greyhound Racing Association track, and I believe that it is going to be done at all their other tracks, wherever it is structurally possible. If that is so, it will obviously spread to tracks owned by other bodies: for all I know it may already have done so. While this sort of attention is paid to the comfort of spectators greyhound racing cannot fail to "pull them in."

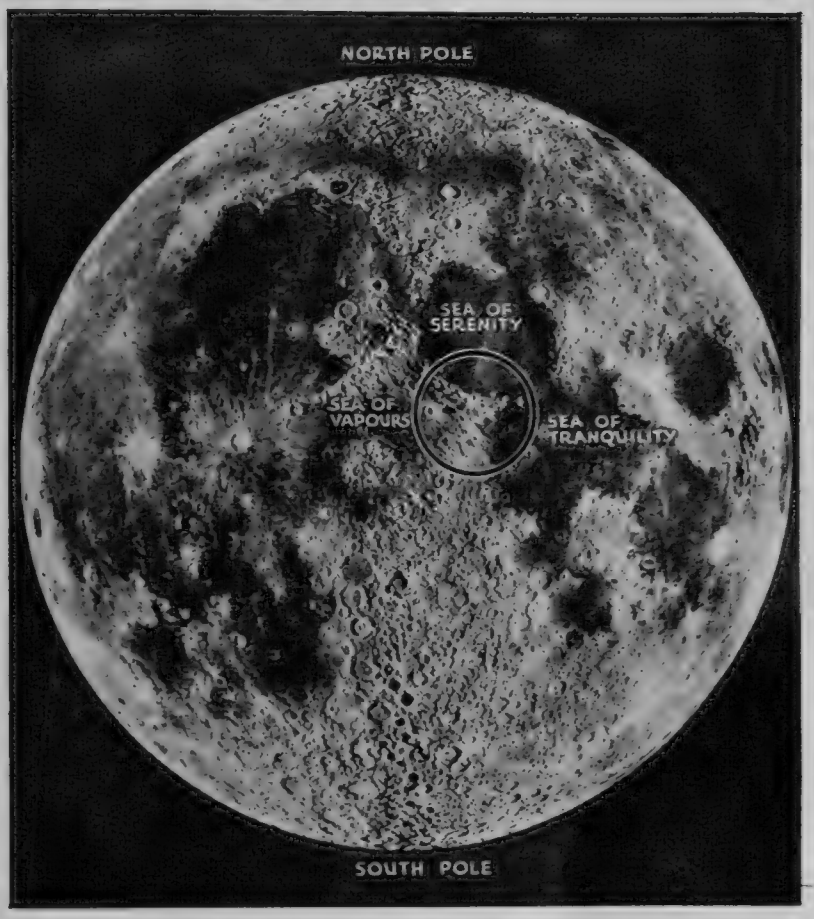
Let us hope that their example spreads beyond their sport. One of the most uncomfortable, indeed arduous, hobbies of the British winter is watching professional soccer from the terraces. The soccer authorities have just had a sizeable windfall from the Pools. I hope that some of them go to greyhound racing.

AT A GREYHOUND STADIUM IN LONDON: Watched by a huge crowd, the hounds race round a corner and into the straight at the White City Stadium. The Greyhound Racing Association built the first track in England in 1926; they now own eight. There are 65 tracks in the country licensed by the National Greyhound Racing Club.

RUSSIA REACHES THE MOON

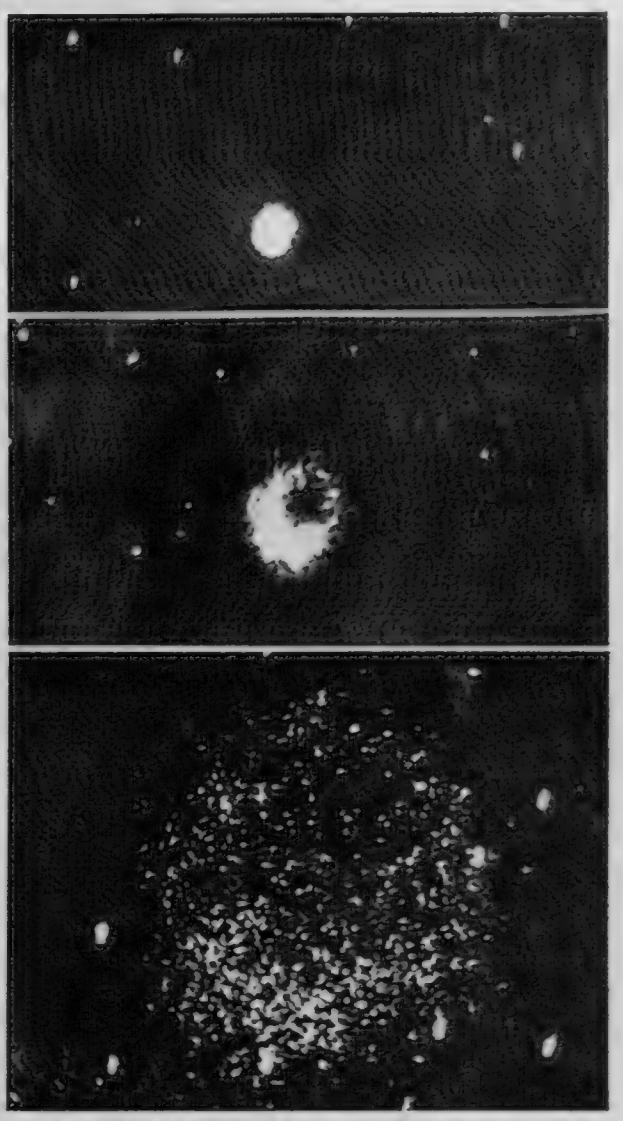
"Lunik II's" Successful 233,600-mile Flight

APPLAUSE FOR THE RUSSIAN MOON ROCKET: To the left of the Russian looking upwards in the centre of the picture is American Congressman Victor Anfuso. He was among a crowd of Russians in the Moscow Planetarium on Sunday night of last week when it was announced that *Lunik II* had hit the moon. Mr. Anfuso was in Moscow to promote co-operation between Russia and the United States in space research. The moon rocket reached its target at 2 mins. 24 secs. after ten o'clock British Summer Time. This was marked by the cessation of the radio signals which it had been sending. The time of impact with the surface of the moon was 1 min. 24 secs. later than that predicted by the Russians. The moon was then about 233,600 miles away.



On right—

THE ROCKET'S TARGET: The ringed area between the three seas is the place where *Lunik II* landed. Early observers of the moon called the dark areas on the moon's surface "seas," and the names remain though they are merely plains covered by dark material.



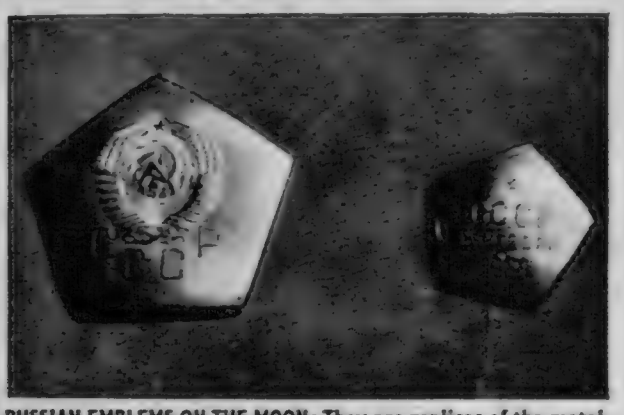
TRACKING "LUNIK II": The pictures show three phases as a bright yellow cloud of sodium vapour is emitted from the moon-bound rocket. This was observed in many countries.

Man has made the first physical contact with the moon, the nearest celestial body to the earth. Just after 10 p.m. on Sunday of last week, at almost the time predicted by the Russians, signals coming from the Soviet *Lunik II* ceased. This meant that the rocket had hit the moon. No one saw the impact, but a Moscow scientist stated that a rocket would have to have a diameter of 200 yards before a landing would be visible from the earth. The success was greeted with great enthusiasm in Moscow, where the Planetarium was crowded by excited Russians. In America the news was received with scepticism by some American officials. Professor A. C. B. Lovell, Director of the radio astronomy station at Jodrell Bank, Cheshire, which tracked the flight, said, however, that there could be no doubt of the Russian success.

What impressed Professor Lovell most was the accuracy of the rocket, which travelled almost a quarter of a million miles and hit a target just over 2,000 miles in diameter at almost the predicted time. It was stated in Moscow that for the attempt to be successful the boost speed had to be accurate to within a metre a second; the angle of launching to within one degree; and the time of launching to within a few seconds.

A sodium trail released by the rocket on the Saturday evening was seen in many countries. The rocket hit the moon at about two miles a second and no attempt was made to retard it. Carried by the rocket and landed on the moon were two spheres containing emblems of the Soviet Union with the date, September 1959, but it was stated in Moscow that Russia was making no territorial claims on the moon.

THE FIRST PICTURES: At a Press conference in Moscow Professor Boris Koukarin holds up a picture of the rocket's sodium tail. On the right, looking at another picture, is Professor Alexander Topchiev, Deputy Chairman of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. The sodium cloud, emitted on the Saturday evening before the moon impact, helped to fix the rocket's bearings.



RUSSIAN EMBLEMS ON THE MOON: They are replicas of the metal pennants carried to the moon by *Lunik II* and now lying on the moon. They bear Soviet emblems and the date.

IMPROVING THE WAY TO SOUTH WALES: Work is in progress between Maidenhead Thicket and Thorney Reach on the Maidenhead By-pass. A dual carriageway is being built and there will be limited access to allow for speedy traffic, as on Britain's new motorways. The by-pass, which will cost about £2,500,000 and should be completed by the end of 1960, is only a small part of a large scheme of improvements to the roads from London to South Wales. The next step which is scheduled to begin is the Slough By-pass, which will link up with the Maidenhead By-pass, and 24 miles of dual carriageway out of London from the Chiswick Flyover. It is proposed that from the flyover a new road should be constructed on top of the Great West Road for between half a mile and a mile.

A LINK BETWEEN GERMAN INDUSTRIAL TOWNS: Four roads and a railway track converge on the new bridge which is being built between Mannheim and Ludwigshafen, in the south of Western Germany. The left side of the bridge is not yet completed. On the right is the temporary bridge which was constructed to replace the old one destroyed in the Second World War. The bridge forms the only link between the towns standing on the opposite banks of the Rhine. It is 825 ft. long and 93 ft. wide, and will cost, with road improvements, approximately £5,750,000. At each end flyovers are being constructed.

ON THE THAMES NEAR BRAY: On the right is the section of the Maidenhead By-pass from Maidenhead Thicket. On the other side of the river work will begin shortly on the section to Hunterscombe. The abutments of a bridge which is to be built are already in position.

ROADS AND BRIDGES

Two Bridges and an Underpass on the Maidenhead, Lancaster and Kingston By-passes; a New Bridge Over the Rhine

RELIEVING CONGESTION ON A ROAD TO THE NORTH: Scaffolding shrouds the arch of the bridge which is being constructed to carry the Lancaster By-pass over the River Lune. In the background men and machinery are at work on the new road. The by-pass will consist of nearly 11 miles of dual carriageway, by-passing Lancaster in a loop which joins the London-Carlisle (A.6) road at Galgate to the south of the city and at Carnforth to the north. Traffic on the A.6 has for years been held up in the narrow streets of Lancashire's county town. The work is being done at a cost of approximately £3,750,000, and it is expected that the road will be completed by May next year.

GETTING RID OF A BOTTLENECK: In the foreground construction materials lie on the approach to an underpass which will carry the Kingston By-pass under the Hook Road, the A.243. In the background, traffic on the by-pass waits at the lights while vehicles use the flyover. The construction of the underpass was begun in July last year and traffic should be using it by the end of this year or the beginning of next. It is being built at a cost of about £350,000. It is planned to improve the whole of the Kingston By-pass in the future when finances are available. Eventually there will be a stretch of dual carriageway four miles long, extending from Burling Road to Woodstock Lane.

AERIAL VIEW OF THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY'S NEW BRIDGE: The white twin towers carry the lifting span of the new Kingsferry Bridge, which connects the Isle of Sheppey with the Kentish mainland over the River Swale. On the left is the old road-and-rail bridge which will be demolished when the new bridge is opened to traffic later this year. The contract price is in the region of £1,000,000.

THE NEW KINGSFERRY BRIDGE

The Project Nears Completion

Work began on the new Kingsferry Bridge at the beginning of last year. It is being constructed alongside the old bridge, whose fairway is too narrow to allow the larger ships of to-day to pass through in safety. The old bridge will be demolished as soon as traffic begins to pass over the new one. This will be sooner than expected. The contract—the main contractors are John Howard and Company Limited and the consulting engineers Mott, Hay and Anderson—allowed for the completion in March next year. In fact the bridge will be completed within the next few weeks.

Of the vertical lifting span type, the new bridge is 650 ft. long. It is carried on two main piers flanked by approach piers on each side with shore abutments. The dominating features are the twin lifting towers. They are about 130 ft. high and carry the span 95 ft. above the high-water mark. Between them there is a fairway for shipping 95 ft. wide. The lifting span, weighing 425 tons, will be raised by electric motors, housed in the bases of the towers, to its full height in 1½ minutes. The foundations of the main piers go about 60 ft. below high-water level and the approach piers some 80 ft.

The bridge accommodates a 24-ft.-wide roadway, a railway track and a 6-ft.-wide pathway. In conjunction with the bridge construction, three miles of approach roads are being built. Underneath the bridge a tunnel is being bored to take electric, gas and water mains across to the island.

A HOME IN SWEDEN: The hemispherical house, constructed in dark b sheet-iron, is by the sea on the mainland of the southern part of archipelago of Stockholm. The bubble-like protrusions on the s of the iron house are of plastic and catch light better than gl

UNCONVENTIONAL THROUGHOUT: The living-room is dominated by the large stove, open on two sides. The floor is of oiled teak, which is very easy to keep clean. The pillars help to support the upstairs floors. Neither the living-room nor any of the rooms in the iron house has conventional right-angled corners.

LIVING IN AN IRON HEMISPHERE

A House of Unusual Design in Sweden

Some years ago an architect in Sweden was asked to construct modern house for a family with four children and occasional gues The house was to be in the southern part of the archipelago of Stoc holm, by the sea and with a background of woods and rocky hills. was emphasised that the house must fit into these surroundings, wh being modern and practical in design. The result was the constructio seen on these pages.

The house is built of sheet iron. In shape it is a hemisphere with diameter of almost 50 ft. This gives a clear floor space of abo 1,600 sq. ft. Downstairs are a large living room, with a combined pla room, sewing-room and library leading off on one side and the kitche on the other; four children's bedrooms; a large bedroom for M Engström (the owner) and his wife; a bathroom; and a great deal cupboard space. The children's bedrooms, of different colours, a placed wall to wall; each has a built-in wardrobe and they share a lavator Upstairs are a small studio for Mr. Engström, two guest rooms an a lavatory.

In building the house, the chimney from the large living-room stov was erected first. Round this was built the sheet-iron mantle. Th iron is welded together and is self-supporting. The roof and walls ar one. Externally it is painted dark blue with the chimney a deep red the awnings are red and white. The irregular walls inside are painte in pale pastel shades. None of the windows open, ventilation bein accomplished by shutters in the bedrooms and the kitchen and the fron door, which opens directly into the living-room. The iron mantle i well insulated, keeping the house warm in winter and cool in summer

The largest room in the iron house is the living-room and an impres sion of even greater size is given by the fact that there are no door between it and the kitchen and the combined playroom, sewing-room and library. The living-room is dominated by the large stove which i open on two sides. The room is divided into two parts. On the lef as you enter the front door are settees, easy-chairs and a coffee table— all in modern style—placed round and on a large rug on the oiled-teak

IN THE LIVING-ROOM: There are sloping walls and the windows e no sills. A plant takes the place of curtains and outside ings serve as shutters. The bedroom windows have blinds.

AYING FURNISHING: The family eat their meals at the counter ween the kitchen and the living-room. Behind the counter is kitchen and on the right the table used when there are guests.

IN THE KITCHEN: Mrs. Engström is at the stainless-steel sink. Looking over the glass partition she can see into the living-room and over the counter into the library. In the foreground is the electric range, and above the window, which, like all other windows in the house, cannot be opened, is the shutter used for ventilation.

PACES: Between the combined playroom, sewing-room and rary, in the foreground, and the living-room and kitchen there no door. On the right is the staircase and the bathroom door.

To the right is a large dining-table, of an unusual shape, and it a counter where the family eat their everyday meals. nd this counter, half-partitioned-off by frosted glass, is the which is equipped with almost every modern device for easy ping. Normally Mrs. Engström remains behind the counter meals but, when the dining-table is used, a section of the counter lifted on to give her quick access to the living-room. The itself gives on to a hall which leads outside by a side door. garden is well laid out to reduce gardening work to a minimum. deal of paving has been used and nature has been left very herself consistent with tidiness. In the grounds there is a which contains a small workshop for Mr. Engström and a here Mrs. Engström can do the laundry; there is the most laundering equipment.

house has been criticised widely by people seeing it from a . The Engström family, however, find it comfortable and manage. They would use it all the year round but there are no nearby for the children and it is occupied mostly in the school n. They have spent several months there for the past three-alf years.

AN ATTRACTIVE SETTING: Some of the family relax outside in the garden. The house is situated by the sea and there are excellent places for swimming. A wooden jetty has been built for boating. The Engström family use their house during the school holidays. Insulation material keeps it cool in summer and warm in winter.

The Sphere of Travel

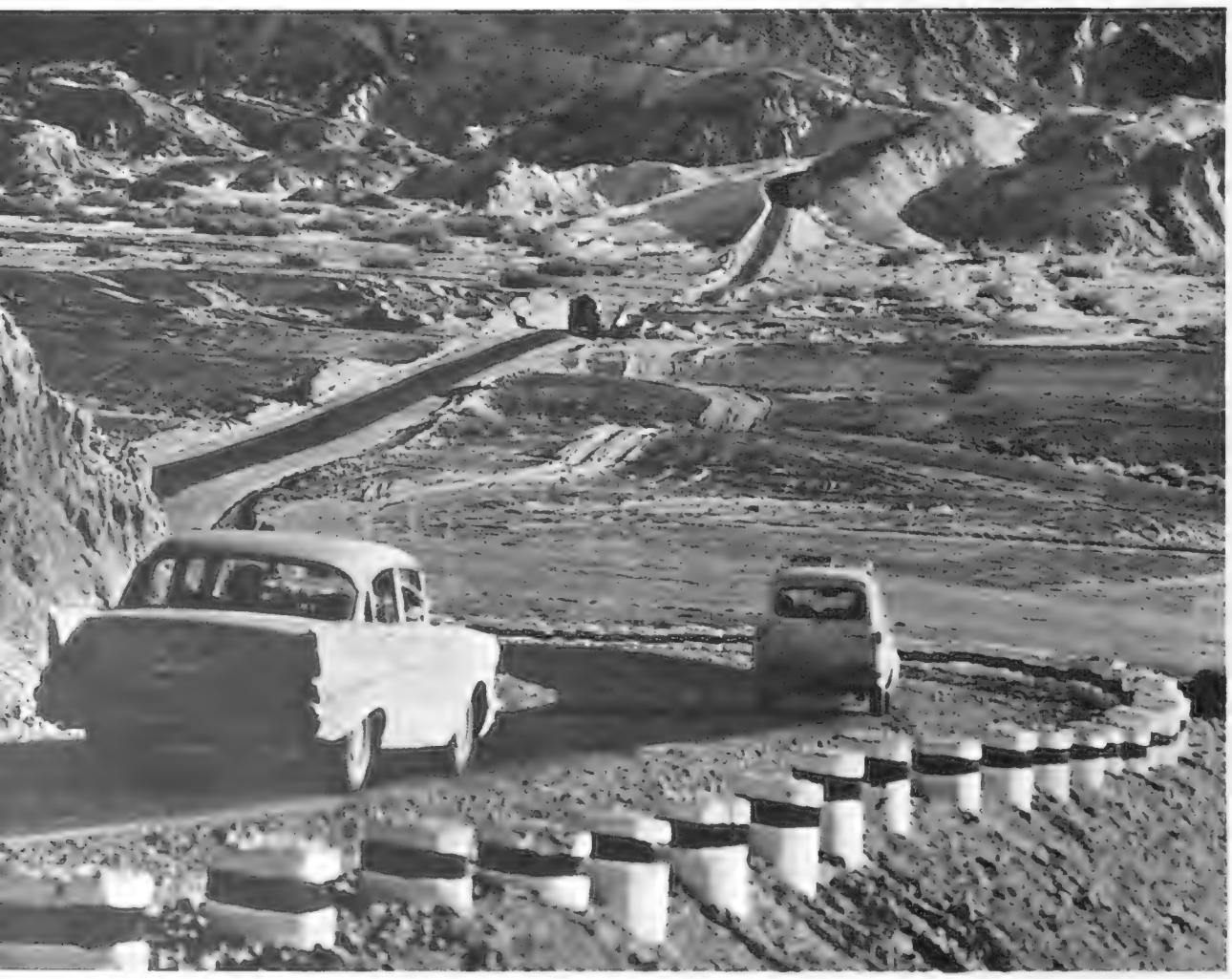
THE VARIETY OF ISRAEL

Archæological, Historical and Religious Interests; Combating 2,000 Years of Neglect

By GORDON COOPER

I HAVE made many journeys throughout the world, but none has provided me with a more exciting and rewarding experience than a recent tour of Israel. During my 1,500-mile trip I visited all the important centres, from the Red Sea in the south, to the Lebanese frontier in the north. Apart from the archæological, historical and religious interest of this newly-created country, I was fascinated by the way its people are restoring a land devastated by 2,000 years of erosion and neglect. The fact that the battle is gradually being won is demonstrated by the pine forests, the orchards, the irrigated fields and groves, and the busy cities and towns humming with activity.

Tradition claims that the tribes of Israel wandered on this barren waste of desert for many years on their migration from Egypt to the Land of Canaan. (An interesting theory disputing this is examined in *The Great Migration*, by J. Fitzgerald, who denies the migration under Moses, but claims that it refers to an earlier and more important movement of the Jewish peoples from their home in South America to Asia Minor.) In any case, to-day, you can make the journey through to the Red Sea, following an excellent road—all the main roads in Israel are excellent—while you can also reach the port of Eilat by frequent air services from Lydda (the airport near Tel Aviv).



THROUGH THE DESERT: Cars travel along the road to Eilat, Israel's port on its six-mile Red Sea coastline. In the background is the rocky waste of the Negev Desert, where, tradition maintains, the tribes of Israel wandered for many years on their flight from the Egyptians. From the road, short deviations can be made to visit several ruined cities.

But the outstanding feature of my visit was the enthusiasm of the ordinary people, each one of whom is a "booster" for his homeland. If I had to choose a single highspot I would name the kibbuz (a unique form of co-operative farming based on idealism) that I saw at Ein-Gedi, beside the Dead Sea. Here, close to the Jordanian frontier and not far from the caves where the Dead Sea scrolls were discovered, I mingled with the young settlers—most of them only twenty years of age—who were engaged in building, developing irrigation and growing early crops of tomatoes and eating grapes, even though their farm is a long distance from the nearest market centre at Beersheba. As is usual in border districts, these young farmers carry arms when at work—in case they should be attacked by neighbouring Arabs, although this mostly occurs further north, along the border with Syria.

Israel cannot be considered as off the beaten track, for between breakfast in London and dinner in Tel Aviv I flew out comfortably by El Al (the Israeli national airline) in a matter of hours. Then from Tel Aviv I set out on a circular motor-car tour which took me to Ashkelon, with its Roman remains and wonderful beach (a good spot for a seaside holiday), then to Beersheba, whose population has risen from 4,000 to 40,000, with 100,000 as a target in the near future. The development of light industries is the chief source of its livelihood. It is also the distributing centre of water brought there by an enormous pipeline from the north, and it is the entry into the Negev.

Along this road to the south I made a short deviation in order to visit the ruins of the Nabatean city of Shifta, dating from the fifth and sixth centuries. Here an attempt is being made to bring back cultivation using ancient methods of irrigation. Also close to the main highway is another Nabatean town, Avdat, whose ruins are strewn on the top of a hill, with curious excavated caverns below.

Further on is the great depression of Ramon, the most desolate spot in the Negev, where, however, various minerals are now being developed. Then one comes to "King Solomon's" copper mines, where this mineral is once again being excavated. Nearby is a kibbuz, where I was amazed to find that one of their chief crops was gladioli, which were being exported to the London market.

The coastline of Israel on the Red Sea measures a mere six miles, with Jordan on one side, Egypt on the other, while a little farther along this littoral comes Saudi Arabia. The Gulf of Eilat is, therefore, the meeting-place of four countries. In biblical times Eilat was an important commercial port, and it is being once again developed by the Jews. From it, for instance, an important oil pipeline takes supplies northwards to the main centres. It is also being developed as a tourist resort, and certainly in the European winter it offers an ideal warm climate. There are good hotels—the one in which I stayed had air-conditioned rooms—pleasant bathing, and a striking feature are the coral beds, a rewarding ground for underwater exploration. In addition, it is possible to cruise from here on the Red Sea. I can confidently recommend this spot for at least a week's stay.

Back again in Beersheba, I made a side-trip along excellent road to the Dead Sea in order to visit Sodo that ancient city of unsavoury repute and the lowest pla on the earth's surface (1,292 ft. below sea-level). Here an important potash factory, a post office which po marks your cards as coming from the lowest post off on earth, a youth hostel, and a couple of restaurar There is no hotel. Nothing remains of the ancient ci whose actual site is problematical, although there is legendary salt pillar said to be the wife of Lot. Bathi in the Dead Sea is hardly pleasant, for although you cann sink, the strong saline content means that after a sh spell the skin gets irritated, and you must come out a fresh-water shower. Fish cannot live in this inla sea, which, in fact, destroys practically all organic life.

Following the coastal road from Sodom, Massa is first reached. This immense rock is an important pla in Jewish history, for the stronghold was the scene of remarkable last stand made by the Jews against t Romans. Its fall, in A.D. 73, marked the end of th independence until 1948. There is now a reasonat easy path leading to the summit, where the remains are considerable interest, and from which you can look do on the clearly marked lay-outs of the Roman camps belo

Ten miles north of Massada, with not a single habi tion on the way, is Ein-Gedi, to which I have alrea referred. It is the Hebrew name for Fountain of the K Ein-Gedi was one of the most ancient cities of Juda and finds frequent mention in the Bible. It was h that David found shelter from one of the periodic ang moods of King Saul; Solomon in "Song of Songs" sin "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in t vineyards of Ein-Gedi." Three thousand years ago, t was a pleasant, fertile spot, but through the centuries has been neglected and become barren. A thousa years later, Pliny writes a lament over its vanish fertility—its "groves of palm trees are now like Jerusale a heap of ashes." Yet I was able to bathe in a pool the foot of a waterfall, whose waters are once aga bringing life back to the desert.

Returning to Beersheba, I stopped at a Berber encam ment. The Arab Berbers are to be found in various pa of Israel, and seem to be a contented minority. My ne goal was Jerusalem. From my room in the King Dav Hotel I looked across a small no-man's land, at th Old City, now in Jordanian hands. It is only at Christm and at Easter that non-Jews are allowed to cross t frontier, with a special pass obtainable from one's co sulate, to visit the holy places, more especially the Chur of the Holy Sepulchre, the Wailing Wall, and near Bethlehem. You can, of course, approach Israel Jordan without much difficulty, apart from the fact th your passport must not contain an Israeli visa. Th obstacle can be overcome by getting this visa on a separa travel passport, which can be arranged through the Pas port Office. It seems a lot of nonsense, but there it is.

On the Israeli side, you do, however, get some panoramic views across the whole countryside, a land redole of biblical atmosphere. In fact, your Bible is an essenti

NEW AIR SERVICES; RAILWAY CHANGES; FUEL FOR BOATS; AROUND THE WORLD

Anyone who has travelled down to the west France or to Spain will appreciate the gre advantage of flying the car over from Southampton Cherbourg. It saves a night's stop, the roads a quieter and the traffic to and from Paris is avoide It is good to hear, therefore, that a new winter c ferry service from Bournemouth to Cherbourg will started in the late autumn by Silver City Airway The service will be daily from Hurn Airport, whic can be reached easily in under three hours from Londo

B.E.A., Aeroflot, the Russian airline, and Air Ind have combined to provide a service for passengers India from London who wish to break their journ at, of all places, Moscow. Passengers leave Londo Airport at ten minutes to ten on Thursday mornin spend the night and most of Friday in Moscow, whic they leave at 8.20 in the evening, and arrive at Del at 12.20 on Saturday. There are also services o Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Swiss Railways, from October 1, have increase their fares by 10 to 11 per cent. This applies not onl to ordinary rail tickets but to holiday tickets as wel The electrification of the French Railways goes o apace. Another section of the Paris-Marseille lin has just been completed between Valence and Avignor From October 4 all main line expresses between Pari and Avignon will be electrically-driven. Timings wi be reduced: the Blue Train, for example, will leav Paris, Gare de Lyons, at ten past eight in the evenin instead of eight o'clock, and as much as forty-on minutes will be saved between Paris and Ventimille o the Paris-Côte d'Azur Rapide.

On the other hand, work on the electrificatio of British Railways between London, Liverpool

SHORES OF THE SEA OF GALILEE: At Tiberias is the Galei Kinneret, which Mr. Gordon Cooper thought as the most pleasant hotel in Israel. There is good bathing to be had in the Sea of Galilee, and Tiberias arms a fine centre for visits to places of biblical interest, including the place where Christ fed the multitudes.

book when visiting Israel. Then there is Mount be visited, with King David's Tomb, the Cenacle tradition claims that Jesus and his disciples cele- the first night of Passover and also held his Last th), and the Dormiton Monastery, where you see ditional spot on which Mary fell into an eternal t] There is also modern Jerusalem to be considered, oing its fast-growing university. Short excursions re made to many spots, such as 'Ein-Karem, birth- rl St. John the Baptist. A week may easily be spent salem, which owing to its altitude is much cooler th the plain and at the coast.

The journey northwards took me by way of Megiddo, ark for the defence of the city in King Solomon's as "city for chariots," and containing in its excava- the remains of some twenty civilisations. Then across the nearby plain of Armageddon to Nazareth, fortunately, not spoilt by commercial interests, tho religious animosities tend to spoil its perfection. It even lacks a good hotel. But at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, there is what I felt is the most pleasant hotel in all Israel—the lakeside Galei Kinnereth. This is a good base for excursions, for within easy reach are many spots of biblical appeal, including the Mount of the Beatitudes and the place where Jesus fed the multitudes. Nor must I omit to record that St. Peter's Fish, caught in the Sea of Galilee, is an excellent dish, and that I enjoyed very much the bathing there.

My northernmost destination was Metulla, a small summer resort standing right on the Lebanese frontier—but perfectly safe—at an altitude of 1,700 feet. It has some good, modest hotels, and in summer offers an escape from the heat of the plains. To the south is the remarkable Hula Drainage Scheme, by which an inland sea has been drained, freed from malaria, and turned into excellent farmlands. Nearby is Hazor, an important archæological site, while a short deviation to visit Safed, "City of Jewish Mysticism," is rewarding.

Crossing the wild countryside of Northern Galilee, I came to Montfort, perhaps the most interesting Crusader castle in Israel. It meant a stiff forty-five minutes' walk each way, but I was well pleased with what I saw. Then on to Acre, with its historic memories, but at present rather a backwater. Its market, however, retains its Oriental character; there is an important mosque, and recent excavations have brought to light the quite amazing Saint John's Crypt.

Not far from Acre is Haifa, a beautifully-situated city, dominated by Mount Carmel, and the country's chief port. Here also are Israel's heavy industries and its best engineering institutions, including the Institute of Technology. Then, with short visits to Atlit (the Crusader "Castle of the Pilgrims") and Cæsarea, capital of the Romans in Palestine for some 500 years, but now a "ghost" town, I came back to Tel Aviv, brashly modern in every way, although there is a little of the past to be seen in adjoining Jaffa. A couple of days' rest at the first-class Hotel Sharon at Herzlia (superb bathing) allowed me to ponder on as fascinating a country as one could ever hope to visit. I know that I shall go back there.

PRACTICAL INFORMATION.

Without any doubt, I regard the Israel Tourist Office as being unexcelled in efficiency and helpfulness. Their tourist literature is most informative in every respect. While air travel is the quickest way of reaching Israel, yet it is possible to go by sea from Marseilles or an Italian port, taking about four to five days. At the same time, travel agents offer inclusive tours at specially reduced costs—about £135 by air for fourteen days in Israel, and £120 by sea. Travelling in a group is, of course, the most economical way of visiting Israel. A recommended guide-book is the *Israel Guide*, by Zev Vilnay; it also contains a good general map.

ADDRESSES:

Israel Government Tourist Office, 59, *St. James's Street, London, S.W.*1.
*Inter-Church Travel, Fulham Palace, S.W.*6.
Europica Travel Ltd. (*Catholic Pilgrimages*), 54, *Regent Street, W.*1.
Isra-Tours Ltd., 40, *Dean Street, W.*1.
Apal Travel Ltd., 287, *High Holborn, W.C.*1.
Aviagents Ltd., 29, *Swallow Street, W.*1.
Peltours Ltd., 29, *Duke Street, W.*1.
Orient Tours Agency, 87, *Regent Street, W.*1.
Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd.

In Israel, a leading tour operator, with chauffeur-driven cars and organised tours by coach, is *I.T.S. Corporation, Tel Aviv*. Self-drive cars can be obtained from *Lucky Drive Ltd.*, 33, *Rothschild Boulevard, Tel Aviv, and at Jerusalem*.

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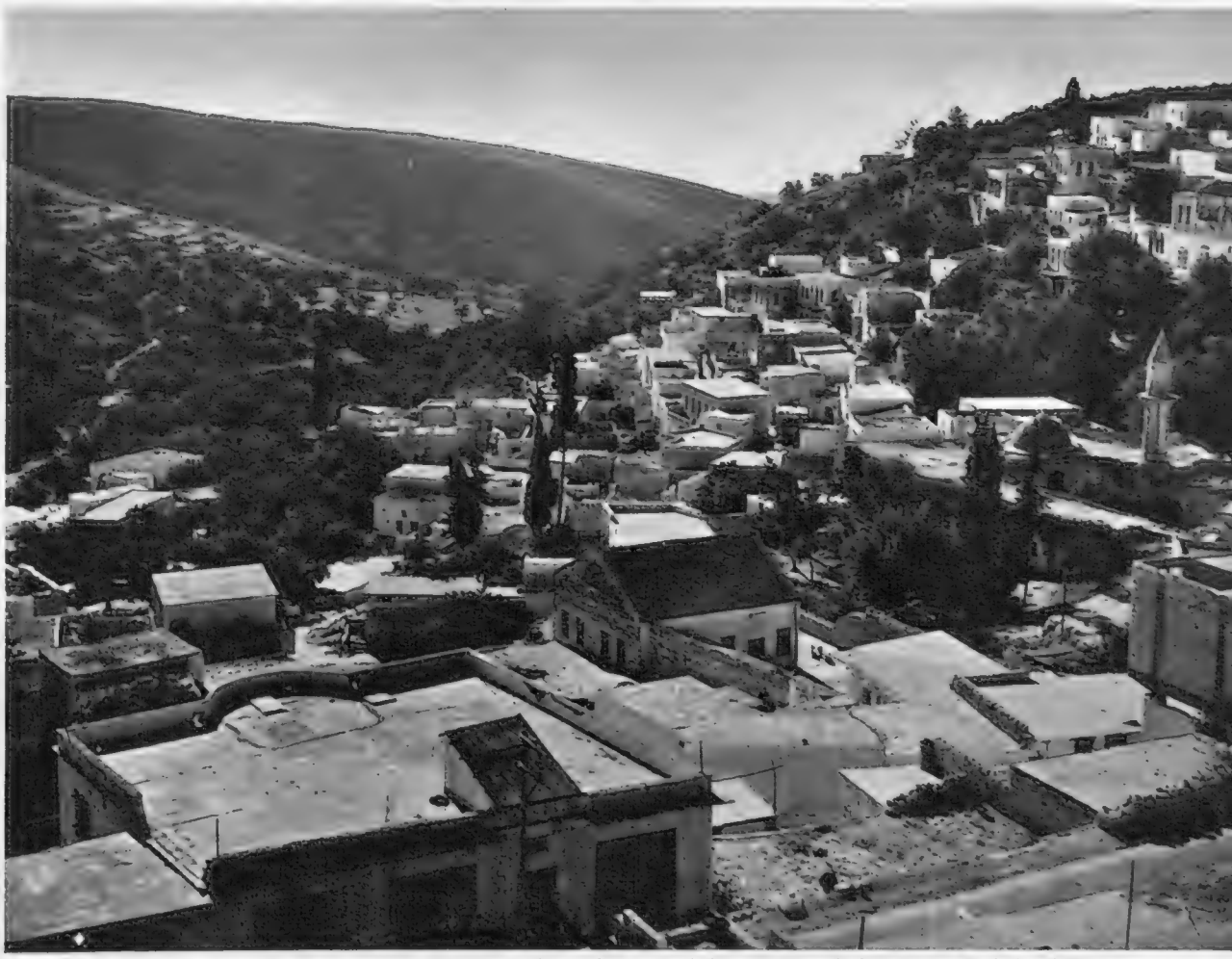
ester and Birmingham may result this winter s taking some minutes longer than is shown in sent timetable. Some trains will be withdrawn her, including the 8.5 a.m. Irish Mail and the a.m. The Manxman; a number of other trains e withdrawn on Saturdays only.

chtsmen will be delighted to hear that at French they are now able to obtain cheaper petrol in ne way as a motorist does, by the purchase of coupons. This means a saving of three shillings ery 1,000 francs' worth purchased. The pro- is straightforward enough. The customs ities at the port will provide a *passeport pour* If that has already been issued, all the better. ust be endorsed for the issue of petrol cheques ken to one of the banks, together with passport ravellers' cheques. The number obtainable ds on the size of the yacht. Those of less than gross can get 100 cheques, providing 220 gallons. otor yachts from 10 to 20 tons, the maximum ent of fuel is 330 gallons, and for motor yachts e than 20 tons, 660 gallons is the ration. This only applies to yachtsmen resident outside the zone, sailing pleasure craft registered outside nc zone. Diesel fuel does not come under this e, and, unlike petrol cheques for private cars, petrol cheques can only be obtained in France.

yone feeling like emulating Phileas Fogg can his ambition for £797. For that sum a tour can anged which takes you round the world in days; by air, of course. The first stop is at ay where, after a fortnight in India, you fly to ok. On the twenty-third day you arrive at pore. From there you go to Sydney, Australia, hen on to Auckland, New Zealand. From on the forty-fifth day, you fly over the Pacific to ulu. A few days in San Francisco conditions r the climax of the tour, New York. The price es all meals and accommodation, as well as eing at the various ports of call.

W. D. C. C.



IN NORTHERN ISRAEL: Safed lies on a wooded hillside in the cooler part of the country. It has been called the "City of Jewish Mysticism," and a Hebrew tradition maintains that the Messiah will appear there. It was fortified by the Crusaders. Safed is not far away from the Hula Drainage Scheme, where good farmlands have been created.

A DERBYSHIRE RESERVOIR IS NEARLY EMPTY: The aerial view shows the Woodhead Reservoir near Glossop. Like many other reservoirs throughout the country its store of water is almost negligible as a result of the long, dry summer. Woodhead Reservoir, which serves Manchester Waterworks, has a capacity of 1,181,000,000 gallons.

WATER SHORTAGE IN BRITAIN

The Water-level in Many Reservoirs is Falling as a Result of the Long, Dry Summer

As the long, dry summer continued well into September, reports of water shortage in many parts of Britain began to take a more serious turn. The water-level in many reservoirs fell considerably and in some places the supply of water was almost completely exhausted. Visitors to the vast artificial lakes were able to walk along the beds of the reservoirs and to see the remains of buildings and roads which had been submerged several years ago during expansion schemes by various water boards. In Derbyshire the remains of the seventeenth-century Derwent Hall, normally well under the water of the Ladybower Reservoir, were clearly visible.

Industry and domestic consumers, as well as cattle, were all affected by the drought. In Lancashire, supplies to industrial firms were cut and last week there was a fear that unless heavy rain came quickly more firms (a mineral-water company had to cease production for one day) would have to close. Elsewhere, other cuts were being made and arrangements were announced to meet possible shortages in the weeks ahead. In rural areas farmers were taking water to their cattle as many wells and ponds had dried up. Firemen have also been kept busy in using water to extinguish grass and moorland fires.

AN ATTRACTION FOR SIGHTSEERS: The ruins of the seventeenth-century Derwent Hall are revealed as the water-level of Derbyshire's Ladybower Reservoir falls 40 ft. The hall was submerged when the reservoir was opened in 1945 with a capacity of 6,300,000,000 gallons. Ladybower Reservoir is operated by the Derwent Valley Water Board.

THE DECLINING SUPPLY OF WATER FOR SCOTLAND: The Harlan Reservoir, with its low water-level, is one of the sources of supply for Edinburgh. Earlier this month the city's water supply was described as "grave." There were fifty-five days' supply in hand and the pressure in some parts of the city was lowered. Water was also in short supply in other parts of Scotland. In at least one part of Aberdeenshire dinners served at school had to be suspended as there was no water to wash dishes or food containers.

SELLING NUCLEAR POWER ABROAD

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

OUTSIDE the select and ostensibly charmed inner circle of nuclear engineering there was some surprise a month or two ago when it was announced that two of the consortia formed to build atomic power stations in Britain and abroad had decided to get together and consort even more. The Associated Electrical Industries—John Thompson group and the Nuclear Power Plant Company, in which the leading contractors include C. A. Parsons and Head Wrightson—had decided to work together in tendering for the next couple of power stations to be built in Britain, and perhaps more generally, though details of their collaboration had still to be fully worked out.

Inside the circle of nuclear engineering there was no surprise: some such development had been expected. Even before the latest contract awarded, for a station at Trawsfynydd in Wales, went to the fifth consortium founded long after the others, Atomic Power Constructions Limited, the firms in this still glamorous but as yet unremunerative business had been conscious that it was getting uncomfortably crowded. This was partly due to second thoughts about their home market, the British nuclear plant programme; but also due to considerably sobered hopes about their export chances.

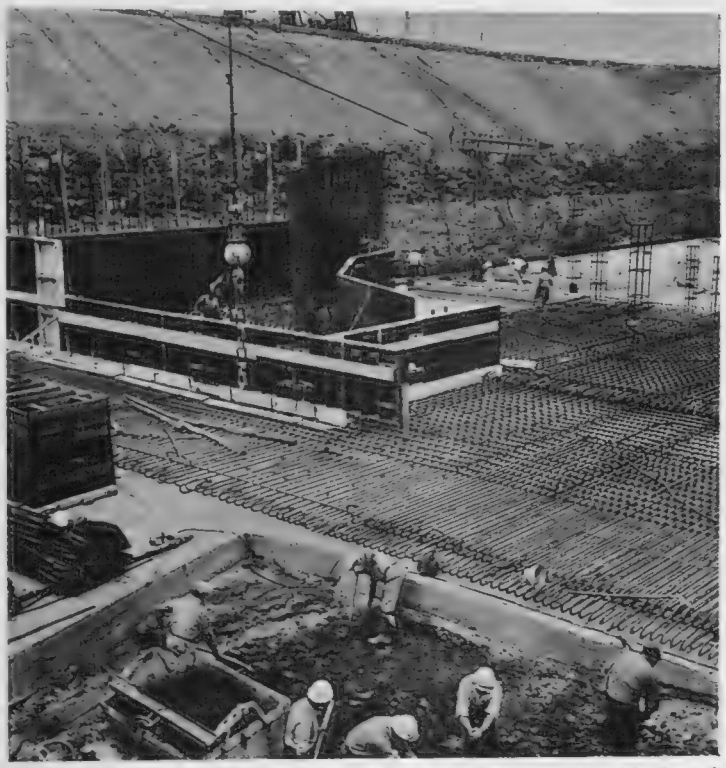
"It is apparent," reported the Select Committee on Estimates in a study of the Atomic Energy Authority this summer, "that British industry is having more difficulty in selling reactors overseas than had been envisaged." It went on to compare British success in obtaining contracts abroad somewhat unfavourably with that of the United States, which in more ways than one has been selling on easy terms, and considered whether our Government or A.E.A. ought to offer the consortia more help.

This is a fairly common view, but perhaps not a wholly fair one to the British export effort. It is true that Britain, so far, has obtained contracts for only two power reactors and five research reactors abroad, while the United States has orders for six power and about two dozen research reactors. It is also true that the technical guarantees regarding fuel offered by the U.S., and the credit terms upon which American contractors are able to offer tenders for overseas contracts, are much more attractive than those offered from this country. American companies also obtain governmental help in their designing of whole reactor systems without royalty payments, which can be quite substantial for the consortia supplying stations from Britain. At the same time, the direct comparison between numbers of contracts is not a wholly fair one to the British companies concerned, and the reasons for it may derive more from technical than from economic demands upon the part of the overseas customer.

For the nature of the competition reflects the entirely different approach to nuclear engineering in Britain and the United States. Britain has sold practical designs of stations primarily to make electricity fairly economically, whereas the United States has been selling research reactors around the world to give its customer nations some experience in reactor technology. The whole of British nuclear technology has been based upon the necessarily narrow front of concentrated technical development accepted by the Atomic Energy Authority. American development, by contrast, is spread lavishly across a wide variety of different reactor systems promoted in its own and industry's laboratories by the Atomic Energy Commission. Britain is a country where conventional energy is relatively expensive, and where it was worth concentrating on getting economic nuclear energy quickly; in the United States, where energy is cheap, the nuclear technocrats could afford to search wider afield for whatever style of reactor might eventually, with no hurry, promise the atomic power most cheaply. The huge American investment in military plant for the production of "enriched" uranium, again, plus its cheap hydro-electric power to run those vast plants, gave it "cheap" enriched fuels to plan reactor systems, and, incidentally, enriched fuels to offer cheaply with its research reactors round the world.

A year or two ago, this division of the world market looked not an unsatisfactory one for the British consortia, at least for the time being. America might be able, for that time being, to scoop the pool with research reactors, and in the longer run the sheer breadth of its effort to develop much cheaper nuclear power had to be reckoned with: Britain could concentrate on selling where countries actually needed practical nuclear power soon. The longer technical race did not look wholly frightening, either (and does not still); none among the richly diverse types of American reactor yet offers electricity at anything comparable to the nuclear generation costs of perhaps three-farthings a unit.

What has become apparent, however, is that the immediate demand for nuclear electricity at that kind of price is a fairly limited one—and the glut of oil and coal during the last two years has made areas where it formerly looked worth buying a good deal more cautious. Italy and Japan, Britain's customers to date, are both countries where energy costs are "naturally" high, indeed, even more so than in Britain; both, hoping for rapid economic expansion, were expecting an awkward shortage of conventional energy in the near future. Nuclear power looked a more practical proposition to them than it did elsewhere; hence the contracts for British-style reactors, based on graphite moderation and gas cooling, as at Calder Hall and the first stations being built in Britain for the Central Electricity Generating Board.



BUILDING A NUCLEAR POWER STATION IN ITALY: The mesh of steel is the raft reinforcement on which the reactor will be built. The power station is being constructed at Latina, which is 40 miles south of Rome, by Britain's Nuclear Power Plant Company Limited and an Italian company.

The first big practical reactor on the Continent of Europe will be that built by Britain's Nuclear Power Plant Company Limited and Italy's *Agip Nucleare* at Latina, forty miles south of Rome; work began last November on a 200-megawatt design. On the other side of the world, the G.E.C.-Simon Carves consortium has a contract for a Japanese station that, in addition to the other design requirements, had to allow for the extra vertical and horizontal forces exerted by earthquakes; this again has to produce power at a cost well under a penny a unit.

Since those contracts were signed, world oil prices have fallen sharply, and the fall in shipping freight costs has made it possible for even coal to be imported fairly cheaply to most parts of the world. This may be temporary, though it looks like lasting for some years more. Temporarily or not, however, it has eased the situations for countries such as Italy and Japan, that depend so heavily upon imported fuels. For a while, it has provided them with the ability to "shop around" for their nuclear reactors among systems that may eventually become cheaper than Britain's, an ability which countries enjoying "naturally" lower costs for conventional energy already possessed.

The same conditions, be it said, apply to Britain; they have not yet significantly affected the nuclear consortia's home market, in that the Central Electricity Generating Board has no more than "stretched out" its own plant programme. What has happened at home is that it has become possible to fulfil this programme with fewer stations than was originally expected. To supply the 5,000-6,000 mW of plant in that programme, no more than 10-12 stations in all may be required; perhaps only one more each for the five (or should it now be four ?) consortia.

In the short run, therefore, the consortia are faced with a home demand that can hardly keep busy or pay for the elaborate research and design teams and facilities that they have built up; and the interregnum, at least, in the pressure upon world energy sources, is equally "stretching out" the demand they hoped for from other countries with high energy costs that needed practical nuclear power quickly. Such an interregnum, inevitably, favours the "broad front" approach of American nuclear development: with some of the reactor systems going ahead there now beginning to look economically more promising than they did, foreign customers may well settle for research reactors on easy terms for the moment, to get their scientists and technologists trained quickly on as wide a range of this exciting but uncertain technology as possible. It is true, moreover, that some of the under-developed countries with very high energy costs can hardly support large reactors to start with, and that the British experience upon smaller reactors is limited; this rather more remote market, therefore, has not proved fruitful of orders yet.

There are no simple ways of overcoming these difficulties. There is the balancing factor, again, that these companies' advance into nuclear technology was ultimately designed to maintain their market for heavy electrical equipment of all kinds. To the extent that the world buys fewer nuclear reactors and more power stations of the conventional kind, their other business should benefit. But clearly more rapid concentration upon bringing down costs in the current British reactor types is essential for exporting as well as for the home market. And it may be that A.E.A. should devolve wider responsibility for research to these highly-equipped and competent consortia that it called into existence a few years ago, when the going in the nuclear race, at home and abroad, looked so much easier.

HUGE PLANT REQUIRED: The Goliath crane is at work on the Latina site, where construction started last November. The station, the first major one on the Continent, will have a capacity of 200 megawatts.

On left—

DRILLING MACHI AT MONT BLANC

French engineers are carr out maintenance o three-platform drilling app tus in the Chamonix Valley, machine is used on the Fre side of the construction of 7-mile road tunnel under M Blanc. Running on rails, drilling platform, which is n named "Jumbo," weighs tons. It bores through the r at the rate of approxima 37 ft. a day. The French sid the tunnel starts at Les Pélei just south of Chamonix, 4,000 ft. above sea-level. motorway will emerge on Italian side of the mountai a height of 4,500 ft. at Entev At the centre there will 8,000 ft. of rock above it. Th miles of tunnel are being structed from the French and four from the Italian. method of working consist drilling the rock-face first insert charges. The platfor drawn back till these have ploded and dumpers then c the fallen rock. Work proce in final drilling, air for ven tion purposes and the pr matic drills being brought u a huge pipe. The sides of tunnel are finally encased concrete. When it is finishe 1961 the motorway will ha breadth of 27 ft. and a heigh 31 ft. Financed by the Fre and Italian Governments the Swiss Cantons, the tu will cost nearly £12,000,

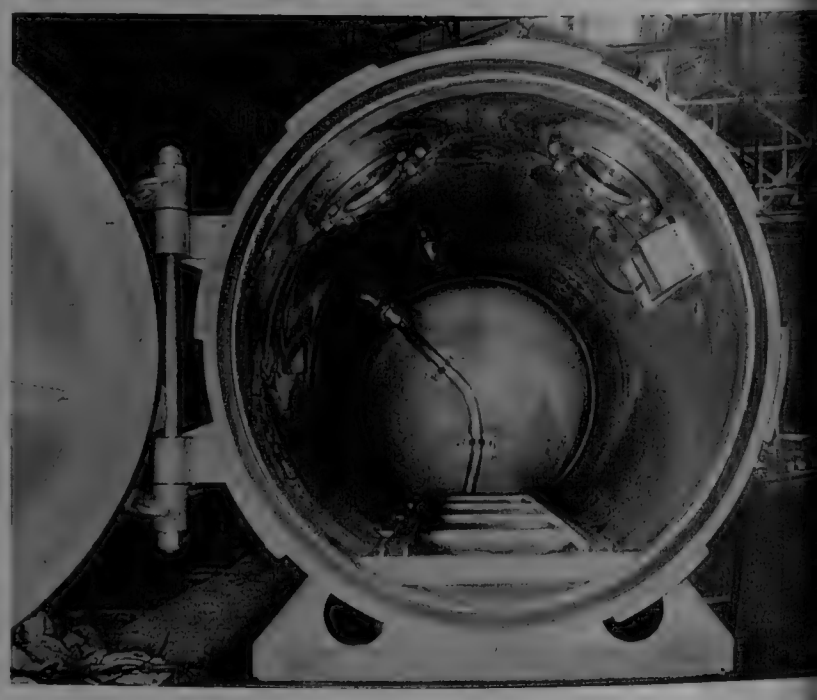
On right—

PART OF A PIONEERING JET ENGINE

After opening extensions to the Rugby College of Technology and Arts, the Minister of Education, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, visited the new education building of the British Thomson-Houston Company, which has more than 2,000 apprentices. With Lord Chandos (right), chairman of the Company, Mr. Lloyd is examining one of the exhibits in the new building. It is a rotor taken from one of the gas turbines made, in collaboration with Sir Frank Whittle, by British Thomson-Houston to power the first jet-engined aircraft in 1941. The plane was built by the Gloster Aircraft Co. Ltd. At its design speed of 16,500 r.p.m., the rotor inhaled air at a rate of approximately 50 tons per hour. The air was exhausted in the form of a jet at a rate estimated at about 1,000 m.p.h.

DIGGING AND LOADING ON THE DONCASTER BY-PASS

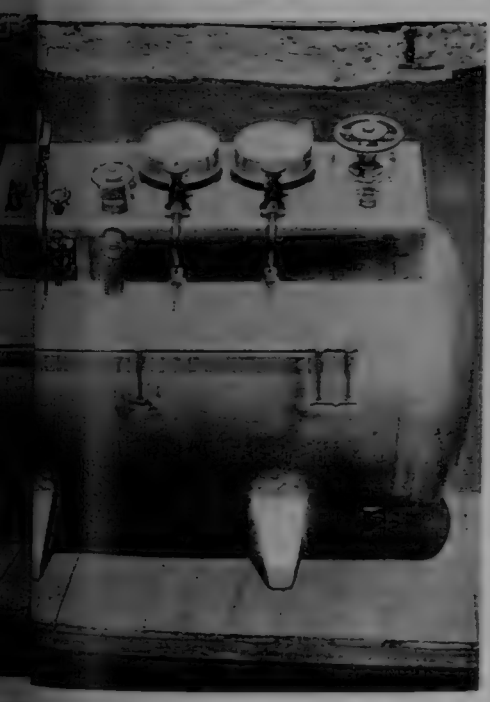
The Michigan tractor shovels—two models 75A and two models 175A—are digging and loading lorries in a gravel pit. The lorries when loaded carry the sand and gravel to the nearby site of the Doncaster By-pass, where 250,000 tons of peat are being removed and replaced by the material. A fleet of twenty-five lorries makes about 700 trips a day. It is thought that with a few more lorries the amount of earth the tractors could dig and load in a day would be about 8,000 tons. The striking feature of the tractors is the speed at which they move; the lorries which work with them seldom have to wait to be loaded. This part of the Doncaster By-pass scheme has been going on since the end of July and is due to be completed by the middle of next month. The main contractors for the Doncaster By-pass project, which should be completed in 1961, are Cubitts, Fitzpatrick, Shand.



On left—

TAKING A BOMBER OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE

A supersonic B-58 United States Air Force "Hustler" bomber is lowered hydraulically to the ground as it leaves the end of the elevated assembly line at the Convair (Fort Worth) Division of the General Dynamics Corporation at Fort Worth in Texas. The assembly line is 9 ft. off the factory floor, which makes work under the aircraft on the under part of the aircraft more easy. As the plane comes to the end of the assembly line, three platforms rise from the floor. These take the bomber's three wheels, supporting the entire weight of the aircraft. The lifts holding the wheels under the wings can each take a weight of 40,000 lb., while that under the nose section can carry 20,000 lb. The system is similar to that employed in garages to raise motor vehicles.



ECOMPRESSION CHAMBER

iver working at great depths must normally be brought to the surface in stages, since too rapid ent will result in an attack of the "bends"—come of a quick change of pressures. The staging s takes up time, reducing the amount of work can be done under water. Sudden emergencies lso make it dangerous. To avoid this a recom-n chamber may be used. The diver is brought t to the surface and placed in the chamber acclimatisation to pressure is carried out at . The normal types of chamber are fairly and small craft may not be able to carry them. nders-Roe (Anglesey) Limited have recently ped a one-man recompression chamber which de of aluminium alloy, is small, light and uvrable. It incorporates all the features of the units except the ability of passing the diver in t of the chamber through an air-lock. On the the Saunders-Roe chamber (*above*) is the door n top, the control panel. Between the panel e door are the two observation ports and, on t of the panel, the two-way receiver and trans-for contacting the diver. To the right are supply tions, valves and gauges for air and oxygen. *left* is an interior view of the recompression er with, at the bottom, the tracks on which the d stretcher runs. The weight of the chamber is 540 lb. and it is designed for working pressures o 100 lb. per sq. in. The light alloys used ensure maintenance and freedom from corrosion.

NEW STATIONS IN EASTERN ENGLAND

At Harlow, in Essex, work is in progress on a new station for the rapidly-growing population. It is to take the place of Burnt Mill Station, one of two which served the district before the days of the new town, and is to be named Harlow Town. The other station, formerly known as Harlow, will be renamed Harlow Mill. The work forms part of the vast modernisation programme of the Eastern Region of British Railways and is being carried out in conjunction with the electrification of the line. Elsewhere in the Region other stations are being rebuilt or renovated as more lines are prepared for electrification. One of the latest schemes to be announced is for the resiting and complete reconstruction of Broxbourne Station on the line between Liverpool Street and Bishop's Stortford. Here, work has already begun and will be finished before the changeover to electrified services—due next year.

At Harlow, there will be four tracks through the new station which will also mean extensive alterations to the signalling arrangements. In its construction the new station will have light-grey flint-lime brickwork on the external walls and large areas of glass. It will be approached from an access road and forecourt and will eventually have parking space for 120 cars. Inside the modern booking hall there will be a mechanised ticket office, and the station has been planned so that parcels and luggage are not handled in the areas used by the passengers.

The World of Books

FROM EMPIRE TO COMMONWEALTH

A Survey of the Development of the British Peoples; the Sinking of the "Royal Oak" in 1939; the Outbreak of World War I; Proust—the Man and the Writer; A Variety of Novels and Thrillers

THE fourteen years since the end of the war have seen changes in political balance, in science and in sociology that in a past century would have seemed fantastic. One of the most extraordinary changes has been in the Commonwealth and the British Empire. Now Mr. Don Taylor, editor and writer on Commonwealth subjects, has given us THE YEARS OF CHALLENGE (Hale. 25s.), in which he records the history of these vast shifts in power and independence. He writes of the Empire which changed into a Commonwealth with a rapidity which has no equal in history; of countries which won their highly-prized independence but nevertheless elected to join the British Commonwealth of Nations. Soberly considered and with the weight of Mr. Taylor's much-travelled experience this is an important chronicle of an era of world-wide significance—the era in which we have just lived.

BLACK SATURDAY (Souvenir Press. 18s.), as Mr. Alexander McKee has called it justifiably enough, was exactly twenty years ago when our great battleship, the *Royal Oak*, was lying in Scapa Flow and a German U-boat commander took his craft in through the islands one October night, torpedoed her and left her to roll over and sink with 800 men trapped inside. There were at the time many conflicting stories of what had really happened. The attacker, for instance, claimed the sinking of the *Royal Oak* and the damaging of the *Repulse* as well, though that ship was not at Scapa at the time. Divers were sent down to examine the wreck and survivors were held to silence as far as the Press was concerned. Now, by patient questioning and with many years' collection of Press cuttings and references to help him, Mr. McKee has reconstructed the whole story of the tragedy as it really happened: a terrible blow struck at the Royal Navy in the first days of the war.

1914 (Cassell. 21s.) is a book which takes the form of a reconstruction, too, but one with far less vitality, for Mr. James Cameron appears to have compiled his survey of that fateful year from contemporary newspapers, records and writings and has not infused it with a driving sense of continuity or with the mounting feeling of tension and final explosion that the year itself knew. The author's concern has been to present an impressionistic picture of "the latter half of a momentous year in the life of a people who, for good or ill, were never to see their world again as they saw it then," and his choice of style was possibly the best one for the matter in hand. But even impressionism may have coherence and purpose, and it is these qualities that I found absent from this diligently compiled volume.

RAKAPOSHI (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) is a mountain of great beauty and forbidding dangers in the Karakoram Range, in the Himalaya. It is more than 25,000 ft. high and, since 1892, six different expeditions have been launched at it and have failed, either from what seemed insuperable difficulties or from sheer exhaustion. On one of these assaults Captain Mike Banks was a member of the climbing team and it was he who returned in 1958 as leader of a fresh expedition and, with his fellow-climber, Surgeon-Lieutenant Patey, R.N., reached the summit. The present book is Captain Banks' story of both attempts and it reflects the courage, the endurance, the *esprit de corps* and the unquenchable humour which animated the band of mountaineers. Captain Banks is himself in the Royal Marines. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society and he trains commandos in mountain warfare. He can now add to his list of distinguished accomplishments that he is a natural and spirited writer.

Proust, on the other hand, the subject of the next book, was a great writer and one who has had an incalculable influence on the trends in novel-writing since his day. Mr. George D. Painter here presents the first of a two-volume biography of MARCEL PROUST (Chatto and Windus. 30s.) and thereby revives that esoteric literary game of searching for sources and originals in Proust's work. Mr. Painter helps immensely in any research of this kind one might feel inclined to do, partly because his own has been so exhaustive and minutely detailed. He is not one of those critics of Proust who hold that *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* should be read as a whole and self-sufficient entity, without reference to Proust's own life but, on the contrary, shows one how an understanding of that life, exactly as it was lived, must help the reader to appreciate the subtleties of the fact and fiction of the major work. I enjoyed his book thoroughly and look forward to the completing volume if it is as rich in anecdote and story as this one.

The social scene as described in Beatrice Saunders' book, THE AGE OF CANDLELIGHT (Centaur Press. 21s.), is a very different one from the drawing-rooms and gardens of Proust's characters, for this is England in the seventeenth century, an epoch when elegance had a background of violence and when conversation for conversation's sake was little known. The author gives us little information that is new, but her style has a freshness which is most attractive and in some chapters where the subject was evidently close to her heart, as with *Children* or *Travelling*, the simplicity of her writing adds considerably to the charm of the book.

A FAMOUS RUSSIAN AUTHOR CONGRATULATES AN AMERICAN CONDUCTOR IN MOSCOW: Mr. Boris Pasternak (centre) talks with Mr. Leonard Bernstein, the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and his wife, after the final concert given by the orchestra on its visit to Russia. The author of *Dr. Zhivago* had earlier been visited at his home by Mr. Bernstein.

Miss Joan O'Donovan is the author of a book of remarkable short stories and now she has written her first novel, THE VISITED (Gollancz. 15s.), which establishes her once and for all as a writer to remember, to take seriously and, above all, to enjoy. Not that Miss O'Donovan's theme in her latest work is a cheerful one. On the contrary, it has the seeds of tragedy in it from the beginning. But it has constant flashes of beauty, too; of felicity of expression and of that sureness of touch in which one recognises unmistakably the mark of a very real talent. I read *The Visited* slowly, that is to say, as slowly as I could with such a compelling story, partly because I wanted to savour it all, and partly for the excellent if childish reason that I didn't want it to be over. I hope you will have the same reaction to it.

THE MELODY OF SEX (Heinemann. 15s.) is a piece of frothy nonsense by Mr. Max Catto, but none the worse in its way for having practically no social significance at all. The Ritz in Paris, a nightclub with three pretty strip-teasers, and, less banally, the wilder reaches of the Alpes Maritimes, are the several settings for this story of an American multi-millionaire and the shady lady he marries in a fit of spite. It is improbable, it is amusing, it is occasionally quite tough (as in a dirty blow by dirty blow account of a fight in the mountains) and it is never boring. That in itself, I think you will agree, is quite a recommendation.

SAY I'M IN CONFERENCE (Harvill. 13s. 6d.) is another flibbertigibbet of a book with an essentially French background. Miss Virginia Graham has translated this from Nicole de Buron's original and it has done the text no harm at all to have had the services of another witty writer. The tenuous little plot is concerned with a young girl who decides, more from boredom and from impatience with her parents' control, to get a secretarial job and this she achieves, on a magazine devoted to women's underwear. The paper is *très serieux*, in spite of the obvious opportunities for frivolity. The office, on the other hand, is something of a madhouse in which the heroine seizes every chance to achieve her great ambition: promotion to a job at which she can work with her feet on the table. Amusing, cheerful and a probable producer of cheer in others.

This week's American contributions to the fiction list are far more solemn in intention and, indeed, in execution. First of all, THE BIG COMPANY LOOK (Michael Joseph. 16s.), which is announced as a novel of Big Business and is in the *Grey Flannel Suit* category. Mr. J. Harvey Howells, a Scots-born American who has had personal experience of such intimidating occupations as life insurance salesmanship and advertising, writes with straightforward authority and, when he is writing about business itself, with a quality of readability. His unheroic hero in a world where the man who succeeds is the one who can climb fastest with a knife in his back has nothing at all that is likeable about him and I frankly disbelieved in his final dramatic conversion to the True Values of Life. But he is somehow worth reading and when one feels that the author has scored a victory.

THE DRUMMOND TRADITION (Putnam. 12s. 6d.) is by Mr. Charles Mercer, a gentleman, according to the photograph on the dust-jacket, of hypnotic gaze and, in any case, a writer of considerable competence. His story here is about a young man whose service in two wars and whose broken marriage have convinced him that the rigid life of a peacetime and wartime army is not for him, in spite of the pleading of his father, a general, and the general's references to the family tradition of army service. The setting for this politely worded conflict is Italy, where the father and son meet on holiday, a meeting contrived by the older man in order to argue his son back to the ways in which the family tradition has run for so long. Wordy, and as I say, a trifle solemn, but easy to read, at the same time.

Miss Pearl S. Buck is a peculiarly forceful writer and her new novel, COMMAND THE MORNING (Methuen. 16s.), is well within that definition of the work of such a practised craftswoman. Mrs. Buck has won a Nobel Prize; she has written world-famous books based on which world-famous films have been made; she has stated her views on China, Russia and America, intermarriage, children and war. It will therefore come as no surprise that she has now written about the atom-bomb in a novel which underlines the hideous possibilities for the future but, incredibly, remains on a cosy domestic level as the scientists knock off in the evening and come home to rejoin their more or less ever-loving wives. Pearl Buck's work is solidly in the best-selling class: I can only claim the privilege of individual judgment to say that I am in the non-fan class.

TAMBOURINES TO GLORY (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is Mr. Langston Hughes' new novel about Harlem and about two enterprising coloured women who start out to find a way of raising money and end, because one of them can sing, one of them can preach and they find a third to do the required "testifying," with a successful and money-making religious business. Funny, touching and tough.

Mr. Pat Frank's ALAS BABYLON (Constable. 15s.) could, in a morbid way, be called topical since it is about intercontinental missiles, fall-out and consequent devastation. It could also be called a gripping adventure story for anyone who is not too thin-skinned about the implications. In either case, here is a writer of parts and perhaps one day he will turn to a happier reason for a story and give his readers something thoroughly exciting without being blackly depressing.

The two thrillers of the week are excellent, each of them highly to be recommended and even the least pessimistic among us know that this is unusual. A GAME FOR THE LIVING (Heinemann. 16s.) is by Miss Patricia Highsmith, who wrote *Strangers on a Train* and made her name secure with that one book. Her present story is set in Mexico, which she obviously knows really well and is of the type of psychological thriller that Simenon would write in one of his better weeks. The other is DEATH AND THE VISITING FIREMEN (Gollancz. 15s.), by H. R. F. Keating and, amazingly enough, the author's first. English and sensational.

Vernon Fane

REAL OR FAKE?

ontroversial Story of Madame Blavatsky

ppe Balsamo, Count Cagliostro, that adept in edicine, chemistry and the necromantic arts, eced fashionable society with his love philtres irs of youth, was perhaps the most remarkable n the world of occultism in the eighteenth century. rivalled in the nineteenth century by that equally ersial pillar of occultism, Helena Petrovna y, the daughter of a German settler in oslav, who was destined in New York in 1875 d the Theosophical Society, and to have one-half orld believing in her and the other half denouncing n impostor. In his book, MADAME BLAVAT- MEDIUM AND MAGICIAN (Odhams. 21s.), monds traces the extraordinary story of this with the mesmeric eyes. Richard Hodgson, of ety for Psychical Research, who was sent out to investigate the Blavatsky claims regarding the g up of Marvellous Phenomena, told the world that the lady in question had "achieved a title anent remembrance as one of the most accom- ingenious and interesting impostors of history." eople allege that Hodgson never really went into ter, and was biassed. John Symonds is fair and in his presentation, and he probably adds little t is already known about La Blavatsky. But he y does her memory no disservice.

rd Newman, that ubiquitous traveller with the pen, has visited and written about most of ntries of Europe, the Near East, and the Middle nd his comments are always clear-sighted and uch to the point. His latest excursion has been U.S.S.R., where, if he has not been able in his ay to seize opportunities of getting off the beaten- he has, none the less, made contacts with folk in walks of life. VISA TO RUSSIA (Herbert s. 21s.) tells of visits to Leningrad, the regional with the grand manner, Moscow, the European h the Asiatic air, Minsk, stronghold of Jewry in Russia, and the old republics bordering the Sea. As ever Mr. Newman has set out to be fair comments; but one cannot escape the thought s gallant preoccupation has taken some of the thrust out of a book which, after all, can only an idea of Russian ways and Russian life in nce with one man's opinion and experience. ng does emerge very clearly, the extraordinary l progress of the U.S.S.R. Until the advent of utniks the West had been largely blind to the sm of Russian agriculture and industry; now, s Mr. Newman, it may well be that we shall over- these things. Throughout the book the author price comparisons between British and Russian Unfortunately he uses the official exchange rate ubles to the £1, which is misleading, but he does a picture of astonishingly low rents for houses, ingly high costs for clothes, and reveals the vast ities of merchandising in modern Russia. Mr. in has clearly made the most of his adventurous ; and it may well be that others will be tempted w him along the well-beaten but still vastly ing Intourist track.

olas Powell has produced a most valuable interpre- of architecture in German lands from 1580, when Jesuit churches were being built, to 1780, when Classical style was being superseded by a Greek man revival. FROM BAROQUE TO ROCOCO nd Faber. 50s.) is a detailed survey of the subject, Austria, where the northern palace baroque m, churches in Switzerland, such as St. Gallen, aces in northern Germany like the Zwinger in and Sanssouci in Potsdam. Mr. Powell's book ificently illustrated and the pictures in full colour light.

s a remarkable fact that we are to-day better ed about some of the monarchs who lived in the nd Middle East 2,000 years ago than we are vents in England at the time of Alfred the Great. inted hieroglyphs of Egypt and the indentations d by the baked clay tablets of Babylonia have remarkable secrets of the past, and yet not so o philologists were refusing to admit that they resented a form of writing at all. P. E. Cleator's LANGUAGES (Robert Hale. 21s.) provides a ing glimpse of this unearthing of linguistic , the inspired guesses, the slender clues, the details, all combining to throw a most revealing on the cradles of early civilisations, their rulers, ch else thought to be long past all recall.

les Wighton's PIN STRIPE SABOTEUR s. 18s.) is the latest tale of the French Resistance record, and one of the most enthralling. The character is "Robin," the Swiss businessman , who stayed on in Paris in 1940 to spy for the d help encompass the destruction of the master Captain Peter Churchill writes the foreword. He put in perspective a story which perhaps needs tional stamp of authenticity if we are to accept rtuous twists and turns, and its sombre finale any who gave so much.

DEL SOLDIERS (Seeley, Service. 42s.) is a r that to-day there is a vast world-wide body of s of these children's playthings. John G. has written his collectors guide to assist this f enthusiasts, and some excellent illustrations e text.

R. C. E.

IN "COCK-A-DOODLE-DANDY" AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE: In the play by Sean O'Casey in the theatre in Sloane Square are, from the left, Sailor Mahan (played by Wilfred Lawson); Marion (Etain O'Dell); and Michael Marthraun (J. G. Devlin). *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*, which was published ten years ago, was seen at the Edinburgh Festival earlier this month and received high praise from the critics. The boisterous and satirical plot is concerned with an Irish village, many of the inhabitants of which are forced by their priest to fight against the forces which he conceives to be evil.

IN LONDON'S THEATRES

ANOTHER IRISH PLAY IN LONDON: Sebastian Balfe Dangerfield (Richard Harris) is on the left in a scene with Kenneth O'Keefe (Ronald Fraser) in *The Ginger Man*, at the Fortune Theatre. The author, J. P. Donleavy, has adapted the play from his own novel of the same title. Some critics have termed the drama an Irish version of *Look Back in Anger*. Others have pointed out that, since the central character is an alcoholic who lives in a world of dreams, the theme should be regarded as guilt rather than anger.

EXORCISING THE SOURCE OF EVIL: In *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* the village priest, Father Domineer (Patrick Magee), exorcises the evil Cock (played by the American Negro dancer, Berto Pasuka).

A BRITISH MUSICAL COMEDY: Jug Ears (Jack MacGowran) looks over the shoulder of Sweet Ginger (Elisabeth Welch) in *The Crooked Mile* at the Cambridge Theatre. Book and lyrics are by Peter Wildeblood and music by Peter Greenwell. The mile which is crooked is in London's Soho and the comedy deals wittily and lightly with rival gangs in this area and pokes fun at the recent Vice Act. Several critics have hailed it as the best British musical for many years.

PETTY CRIMINALS OF SOHO: In the foreground are Jug Ears (left) and Knack (Rex Robinson), the blind man in his gang. Behind is The Carver (Elwyn Brook-Jones). The success in *The Crooked Mile* is by general consent Millicent Martin as Cora, the Soho prostitute who is looking forward to a respectable retirement.

BREAKING IN A WILD HORSE IN CENTRAL ITALY: It is being tamed by a cowboy on a ranch near Grosseto, in Tuscany. In this area the cowboys, otherwise known as herdsmen, or butteri, are some of the last to be seen in the country.

AN EARLY STAGE IN THE TAMING OF A WILD HORSE: It will eventually belong to the cowboy who tames it. This ranch in Tuscany is situated on part of the land which has been reclaimed from the marshy swamps. Reclamation has been in progress for many years and the pastureland may soon be used for growing corn and wheat.

A NEWLY-BRANDED BULL: A dramatic moment on the ranch as a herdsman opens the gate to allow the young bull to race from its special enclosure after being marked.

BRINGING IN A HERD OF WILD HORSES: They are being rounded up for taming on the ranch. Some of them may become racehorses.

On left—

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR: A bull, weighing 12 cwt., leaps over a water trough during a spell of freedom.

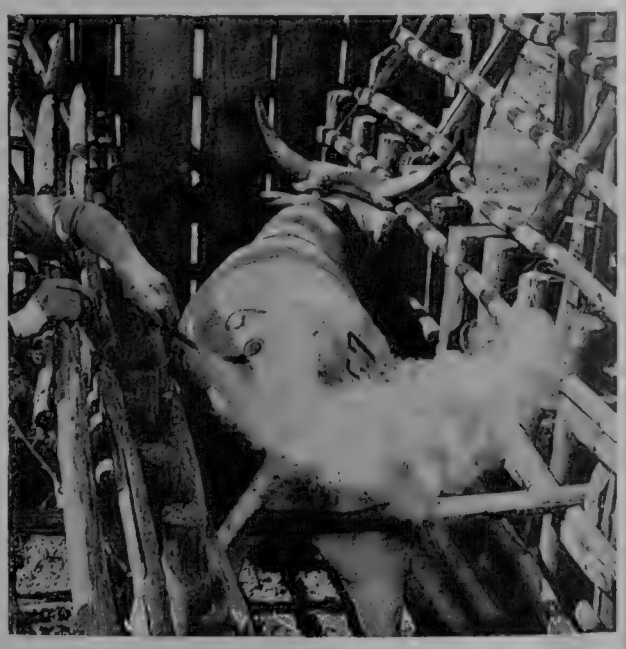
LAST OF THE ITALIAN COWBOYS?

The Butteri of Central Italy Continue Their Work with Horses and Cattle —But They are Some of the Last in the Country

In Italy to-day, work is still going ahead on the reclamation of land from the marshy swamps of Maremma, in Tuscany. This coastal tract on the Tyrrhenian Sea extends inland for about 15 to 20 miles and ranges from Piombino in the north to Orbetello in the south. With the progress of reclamation ranches have sprung up throughout the region, most of them being run by a Government-subsidised corporation. Some, however, are still privately owned but in most cases the herds kept on these estates are smaller.

The herdsmen and ranch-hands working on the estates are known as butteri and are perhaps the last cowboy-style farmers to be seen anywhere in Italy. Wild horses still roam the region and one of the duties of the butteri is to round up these herds and to tame them for domestic work. Each wild horse tamed by the buttero remains the property of that man but he is considered lucky if he can sell three horses in a whole year. Most of the horses are destined for racecourses. On this page are pictures of a ranch near Grosseto where the butteri round up and tame herds of wild horses and carry out the many other tasks associated with cattle and the estate. But the numbers of the butteri actively engaged in this part of Central Italy are diminishing as the younger generation turn from the occupation of their fathers. And in any case in the Maremma itself it is estimated that within ten years or so the region now used extensively as pastureland will rapidly become a corn and wheat-growing area.

Grosseto, the capital of the province of the same name, is also the chief town of the Maremma. At one time the former marshy area was prosperous until the underground canals were allowed to deteriorate. For many years it was ravaged by malaria and largely abandoned, although attempts were made at reclamation, notably in the eighteenth century. Reclamation work was undertaken again during the 1930's and has continued through the years.



THE MOMENT OF BRANDING: The identification marks are made with a hot iron as the young bull is held firmly by ropes in the special wooden marking enclosure on the ranch.

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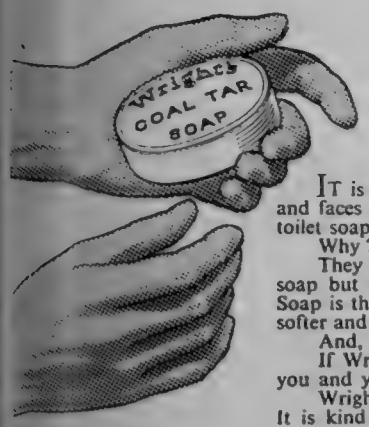

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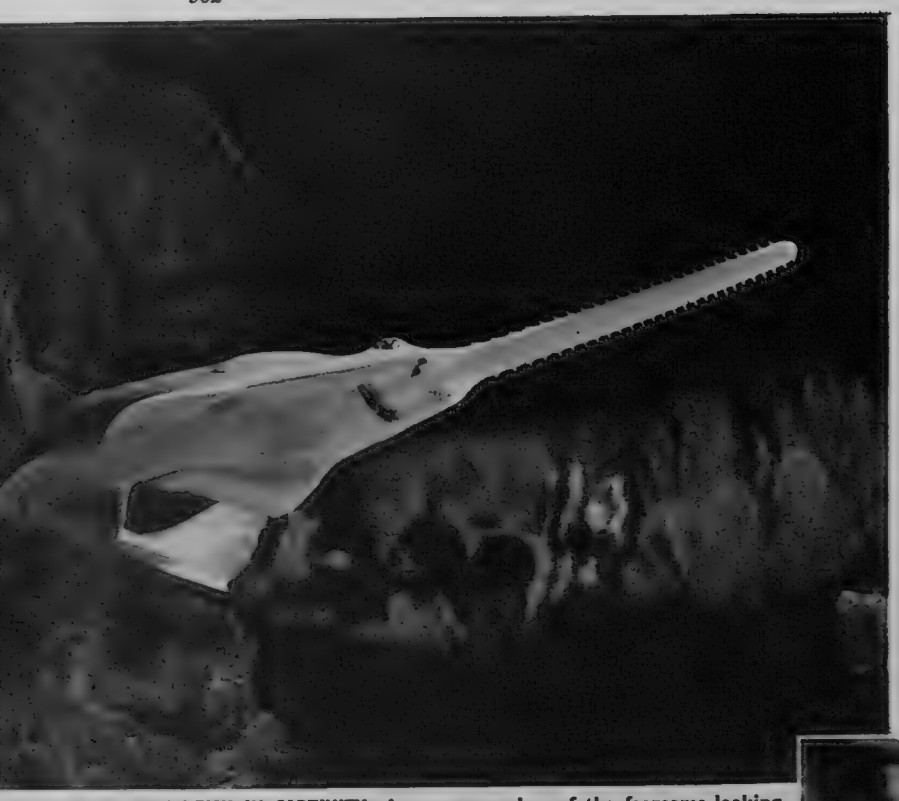


A SAW-FISH IN CAPTIVITY: A young member of the fearsome-looking Selachian family swims in the tank of the aquarium at Miami, Florida. The saw-fish, to be found mostly in warmer waters, grows to a length of at least 20 ft.; some specimens have been known to attain a length of 30 ft. The "saw"—the long, flat snout armed with elongated bony nodules—although occasionally used as a defensive weapon, is mainly for obtaining food, in grubbing about in sand or mud, or for striking at smaller fish. Sometimes it may be used for attacking large fish.

A Fish Zoo in Florida

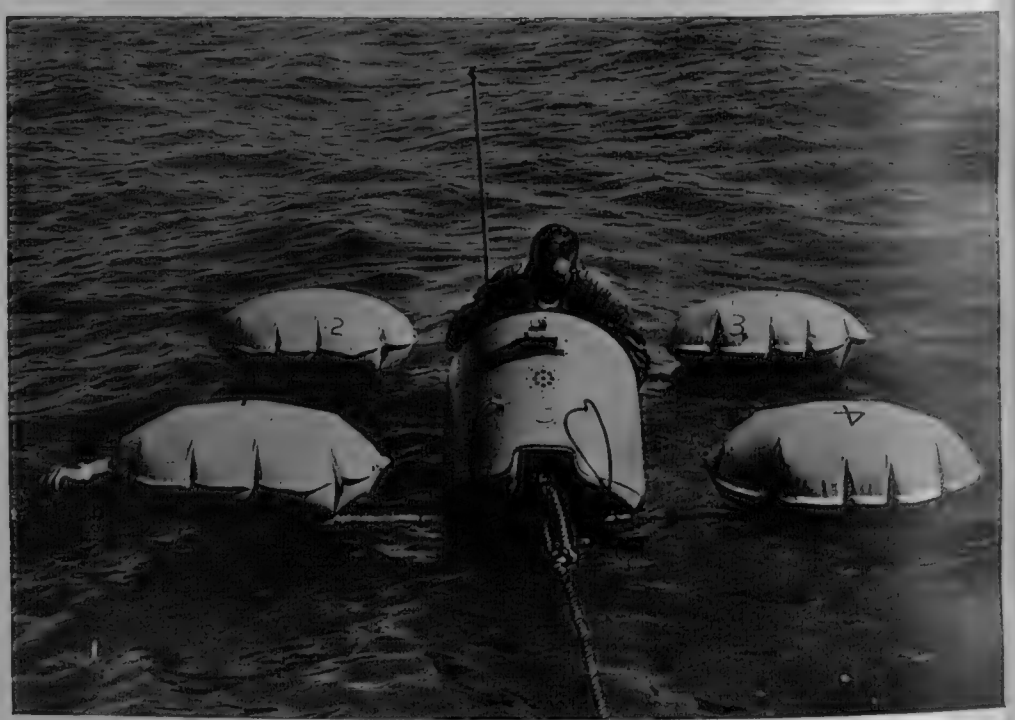
Copenhagen's Gondola; a New American Liferaft

A FISH GETS MEDICAL TREATMENT: A newly-captured porpoise, weighing 300 lb., is placed on a stretcher in a small tank at the Miami aquarium. Before being placed in the main tank with about twenty other porpoise, the new capture is treated with antibiotics and other medications. The porpoise has a very tender skin, and despite the most gentle handling during its capture it may be cut and bruised. At Miami, some of the porpoise are trained to use their famous acrobatic abilities and are shown in a marine circus. They dive out of the water through hoops and perform other tricks.

On left—

LANDING AN OCTOPUS: The creature's tentacles cling to the mask and jaw of a diver. Its suckers grip the glass of the mask. The diver had been feeding the specimens in the Miami aquarium by hand when the octopus attached itself to his head and came to the surface with him. Normally, octopi lurk in holes in rocks and crawl on the sea bottom in search of the crustaceans and bivalves on which they feed.

A GONDOLA IN COPENHAGEN: The graceful boat, with its ornate decorations, is propelled along a canal in the Danish capital. The passengers in the Venetian gondola are two members of the Danish Royal Ballet, while the gondolier is Signor F. Morucchio from Venice. The boat and the gondolier were on a goodwill visit which was arranged by the Copenhagen journalists' organisation.



TESTING A NEW TYPE OF LIFERAFT: A sergeant of the United States Air Research and Development Command's Wright Air Development Centre is afloat in a new escape capsule off Key West, Florida. On the left is one of the swimmers who were in constant attendance during the tests in case of emergency. The capsule is approximately 2 ft. wide, 3 ft. 4 ins. long, and 3 ft. 10 ins. deep. The curved front can be opened. Round the capsule, which is fitted with radio equipment, are four inflated rubber bladders on the ends of booms. The new liferaft was tested for three days off the Florida coast for stability, reliability, comfort and mobility.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

WITH A GENERAL ELECTION on October 8, many a holiday plan will have been cancelled, or at least postponed. The latter need be no hardship, as the last fortnight of October and the first week of November may well recall these lines of the poet Bryant :

> Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
> Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green.
> Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
> With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.

Travelling up and down the countryside during the earlier part of the year, every now and again I found myself thinking " What a heavenly spot for an autumn holiday."

There are many such places in Devon and one that is fresh in my mind is Gidleigh Park Hotel, whose postal address is near Chagford. The well-to-do shipping magnate who built this handsome country house on the site of an Elizabethan manor must have gone to an immense amount of trouble to have found such a perfect site. The front rooms were designed to capture the maximum of sunshine and from the windows and terraced gardens (ablaze with rhododendrons in June) the view of the Teign below and Dartmoor beyond are a source of constant delight to Gidleigh Park Hotel visitors of to-day. Within, the oak panelling and flooring, the central heating and well-proportioned rooms, are all indicative of a country house that could be enjoyed in all seasons.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Daniel, its present owners, who are well versed in hotel-keeping, saw its potentialities and, to that alluring bait—reserved fishing on the Teign a short distance from the house—have added a swimming pool and riding stables to their outdoor amenities.

A number of readers have written emphasising the comfort, the friendliness and the best of country fare to be found here, and specially mentioning its suitability for country lovers of all ages.

Certainly, apart from the amenities we have mentioned, it is a walker's, bird-lover's and naturalist's paradise. For travel directions, write to Mr. L. W. Daniel for his brochure with descriptive map. That shipping magnate was determined to build his house way off the beaten track !

I have never yet decided what month of the year is best for visiting the Lake District, but if I had to record my vote, it would result in a spoilt paper, as my X would go against both spring and autumn.

If you were to ask me for some suggestions, I could name a number of places, and among them would be the Belsfied Hotel, at Bowness-on-Windermere, an aristocrat among Lakeland hotels, set on a hillock with lawns sloping down to almost the water's edge.

Originally a private house, successive owners seem to have been inspired to rival nature in the creation of man-made beauty. Well-preserved Adam ceilings, and a ballroom painted by craftsmen from Italy are indicative of the Belsfield's aristocratic background. Nor was its distinguishing characteristics lost sight of when it ultimately became an hotel. A new wing was added; later, private bathrooms and showers installed, plus small but important details such as points for electric razors.

We stayed there early one July. Some Lakeland hotels were complaining of the poor season. Not so the Belsfield, which was 80 per cent. full, many of our fellow guests being wealthy Americans with chauffeur-driven cars, a sure pointer to the Belsfield's reputation for its comfort, cuisine and its A.A. four-star ranking.

Another would be the Birkhead Guest House at Troutbeck. The Misses M. R. and M. D. Dawson have lived in this solid Lakeland house since their childhood days. So what could be more natural that on converting their home into a guest house they maintained all the inherent qualities of a home. Personally run by the two sisters (one does the cooking), plus the aid of a loyal village staff; home-made soup, home-reared poultry, fresh eggs and vegetables are the order of the day.

Only three miles from Windermere and situated on a relatively quiet road, with absorbing views over the valley and Troutbeck, we feel we have said enough to indicate that the Misses Dawson cater for those seeking an inexpensive Lakeland holiday (there is an out-of-earshot games-room for children), either walking, relaxing on the lawn or touring the neighbourhood. The triple advantages of accessibility, a homely environment and moderate terms are a combination you may be seeking.

This year I have had several inquiries for a late-season motoring holiday in Wales. An hotel run in country-house style, quietly situated and which will suit those who seek a central base, is Lake Vyrnwy Hotel. A guide-book informs one that Lake Vyrnwy is the principal source of Liverpool's water supply. But what a source ! The entire lake is practically surrounded by trees growing down to the water's edge, with the mountains of Aran Mawddwy in the distance. The colouring is magnificent, the atmosphere one of infinite peace. The view from the hotel is one of the finest imaginable.

But that is not all. Lake Vyrnwy Hotel is the solution to many a problem of where to enjoy a country-house holiday off the beaten track, with fishing, shooting, walking, tennis and swimming in their own pool.

Certainly, under the ownership of Wing-Commander J. F. Moir and his wife, the hotel has more than doubled its attraction for country-lovers. A one-time New Zealand farmer, Wing-Commander Moir knows how to get the best out of land and water by putting the best back into it. To him is due the credit for both lake and moors not being over-fished or over-shot, so that, subject to weather and other vagaries affecting sport, Lake Vyrnwy is likely to become increasingly popular from this aspect alone.

So we commend Lake Vyrnwy Hotel to all appreciative of country life, generous country fare and the practical personal interest of two mine hosts who are so obviously the right people in the right place.

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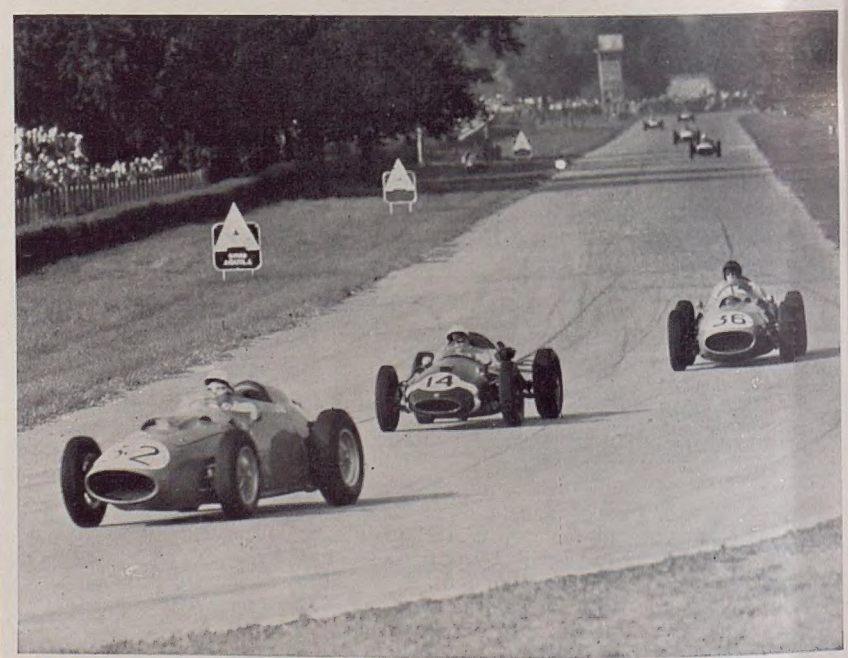
Moss Wins at Monza

The British Driver, Victorious in the Italian Grand Prix, is in a Challenging Position for the World Championship

WINNING THE ITALIAN GRAND PRIX: The chequered flag is waved as Stirling Moss, driving a British Cooper-Climax car, crosses the finishing line at Monza. His victory in the 257-mile event added eight points to his total of 17½ in the racing drivers' World Championship and put him in second position behind Jack Brabham, the Australian driver, who has 31 points. Brabham was third in the Italian Grand Prix, coming in after the American Phil Hill. Moss covered the course in 2 hrs. 4 mins. 5·4 secs., at an average speed of 124·38 m.p.h. Several times he broke the lap record, raising it to 127 m.p.h., but Hill, who drove a Ferrari, raised it even further to 128 m.p.h. There is only one more championship race of the season—at Sebring, in Florida. This will decide the Championship between Moss, Brabham and Tony Brooks, the British driver, unplaced at Monza but lying third in the Championship.

On left—
FOLLOW THE LEADER: Moss, in his privately-entered Cooper-Climax, leads round a bend of the Monza circuit. Close behind him are Hill, in a Ferrari; Dan Gurney, an American, in a Ferrari; and Jack Brabham, in a Cooper-Climax. From the start, the race was a duel between Moss and Hill. The latter passed Moss for the second time in the fifth lap and stayed in the lead till the half-way stop for fuel and new tyres. Afterwards Moss held the lead till the end.



AN AMERICAN IN THE LEAD: Hill is closely followed by Moss in the early part of the Italian Grand Prix. In car No. 36 is Dan Gurney, who finished fourth. Seven of the twenty-two cars which started the race had to retire. Coopers and Ferraris filled the first six places.

Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. Saturday, September 26, 1959. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

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